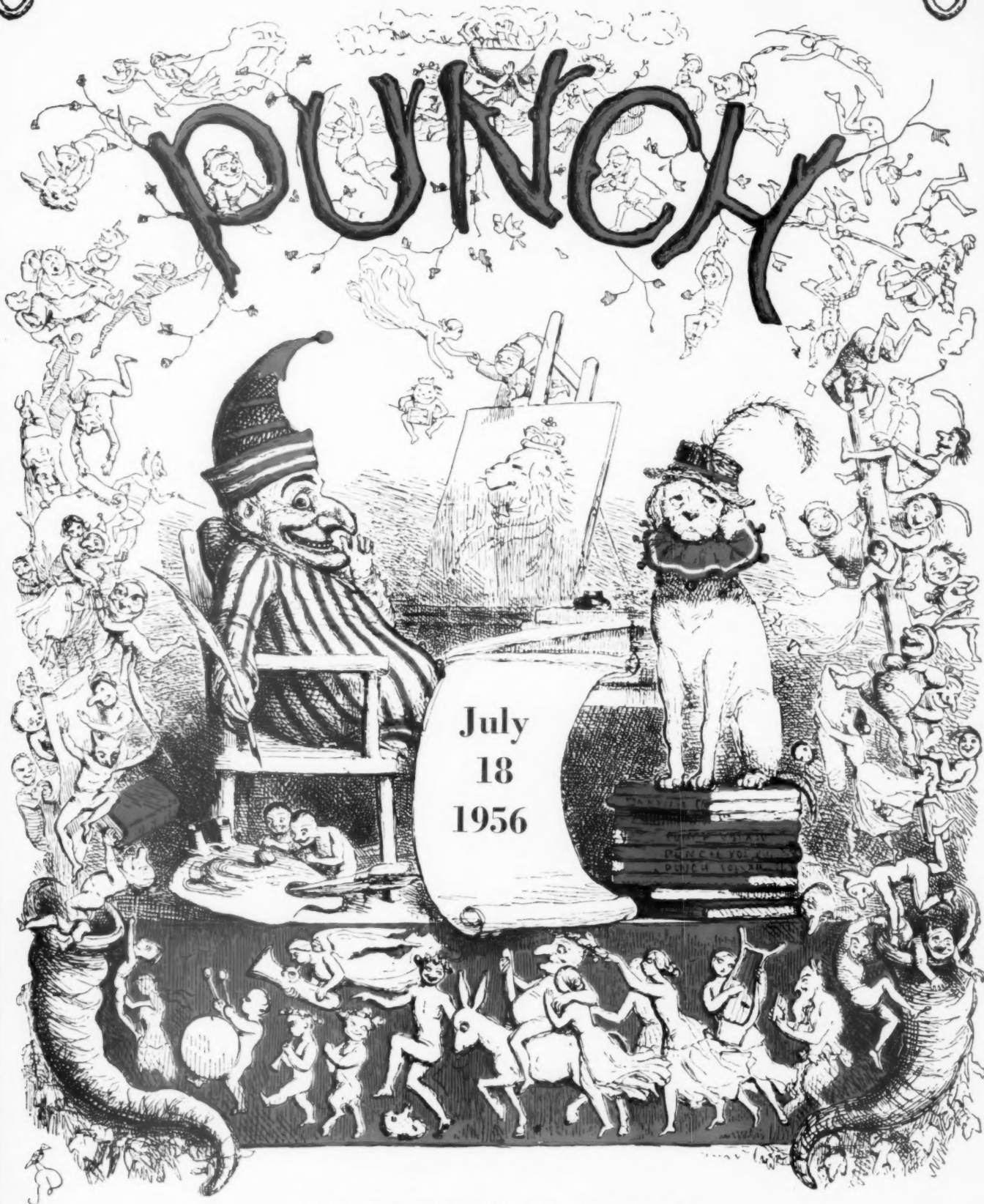


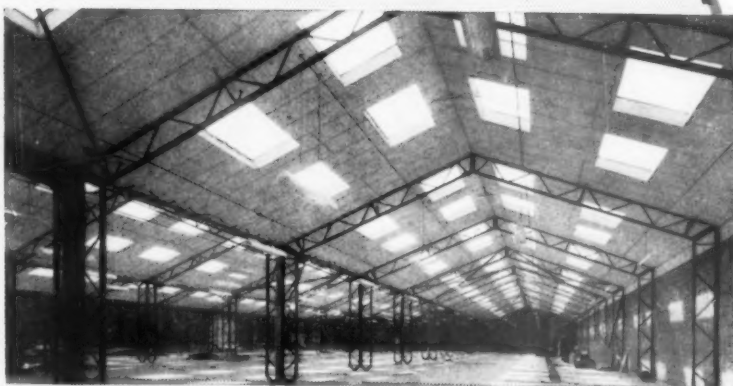
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PUNCH or The London Charivari—July 18 1956

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"EL CATADOR" is Spanish for "The Connoisseur". This Natural Fino Sherry is a very dry wine which makes the ideal aperitif. It will give zest to even the most jaded appetite and win the appreciation of the most exacting connoisseur of Spain's foremost wine.

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"VINTNERS CHOICE"
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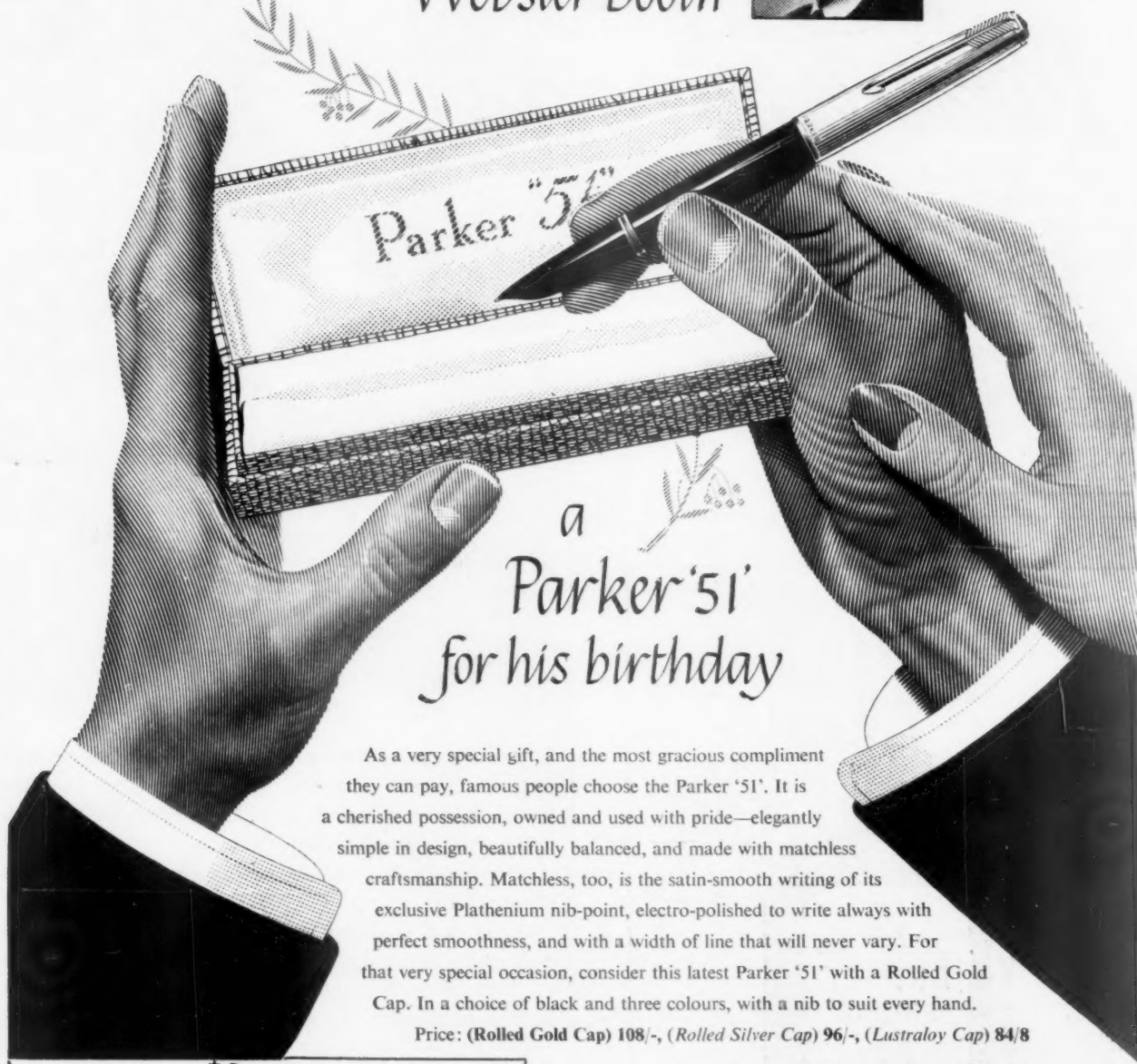
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Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler the distinguished singing partners, rose to world-wide fame on the concert platform, stage, radio and T.V. They have recently returned from a brilliant tour of South Africa. For Webster's birthday, Anne gave her husband a Parker '51'.



Anne Ziegler gave Webster Booth



a Parker '51' for his birthday

As a very special gift, and the most gracious compliment they can pay, famous people choose the Parker '51'. It is a cherished possession, owned and used with pride—elegantly simple in design, beautifully balanced, and made with matchless craftsmanship. Matchless, too, is the satin-smooth writing of its exclusive Plathanium nib-point, electro-polished to write always with perfect smoothness, and with a width of line that will never vary. For that very special occasion, consider this latest Parker '51' with a Rolled Gold Cap. In a choice of black and three colours, with a nib to suit every hand.

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Styled to match the famous
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A Parker '51' Ballpoint to match

The elegant Parker '51' Ballpoint is a fitting companion to the '51' Pen. Five times the usual writing capacity, retractable, and in the same four colours as the '51' Pen.

ROLLED GOLD CAP . . 54/-
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Available separately or with matching '51' Pen.

'51' Pen with matching '51' Ballpoint or Pencil

ROLLED GOLD CAPS £8. 3. 3. ★ ROLLED SILVER CAPS £7. 5. 3. ★ LUSTRALOY CAPS . . £6. 7. 9.
Ballpoint or pencil alone 54/-, ★ Ballpoint or pencil alone 48/-, ★ Ballpoint or pencil alone 42/-.

Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen
GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

I prefer
the taste of...

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More and more people are enjoying Vita-Weat—people who know that keeping fit and keeping slim go together. Vita-Weat is the goodness of ripe whole-wheat in its crispest, crunchiest form. It has such a nutty flavour! Try Vita-Weat spread with butter, honey or savoury paste; serve it with salads or cheese. It's delicious in every way!

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Worried about your weight or your waistline? Vita-Weat is a wonderful way of keeping them both under control. And controlled weight means that you feel so much fitter, too!



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20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

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After you've mown the lawn and weeded your herbaceous border, what better than a well-earned rest? And what more rewarding than relaxing on a Li-Lo?

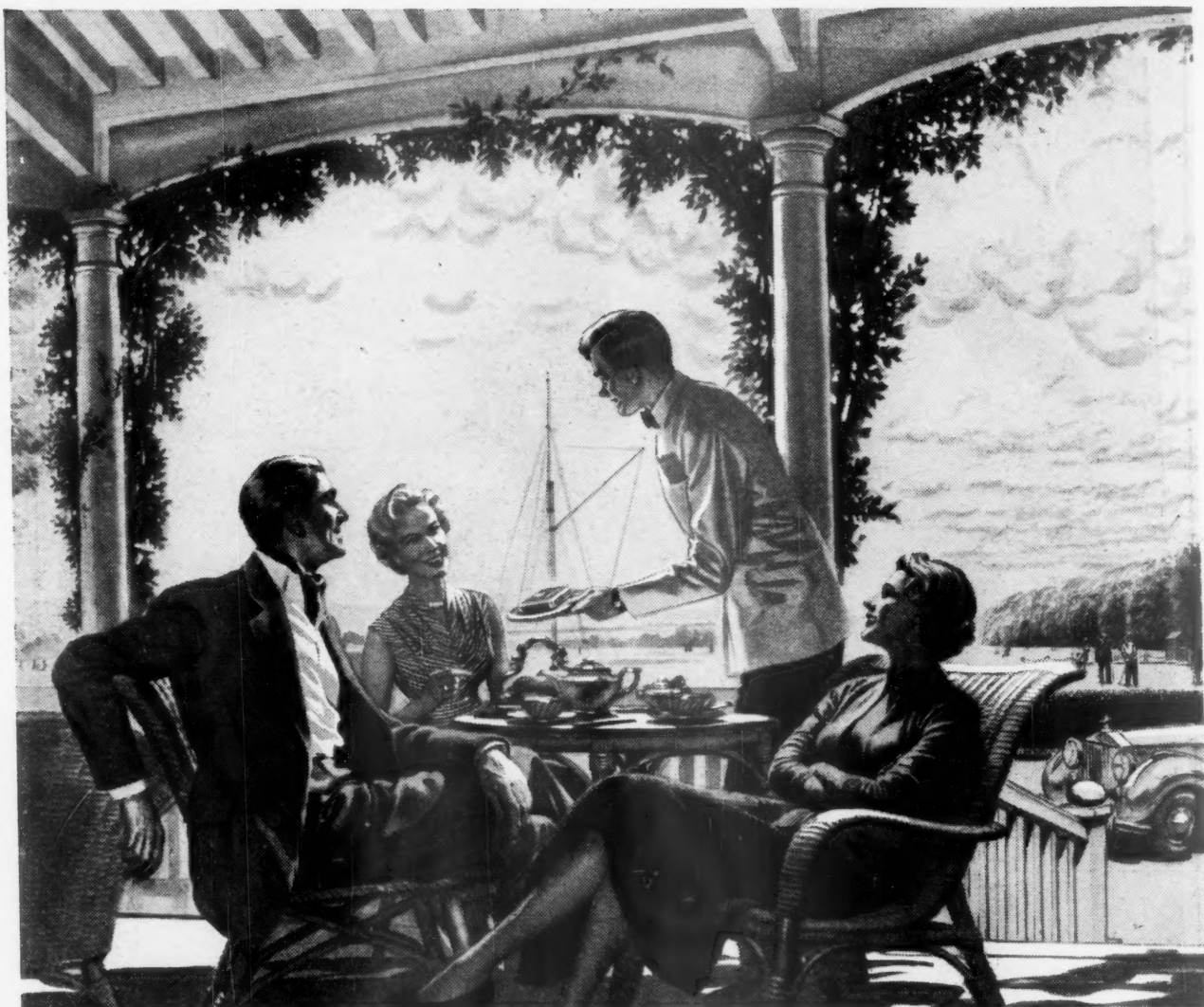
You're not equipped to make the most of the fine weather without a Li-Lo Air-Bed. Take it wherever you go—it's so light to carry, so simple to inflate and so strong.

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It happens so often as to be beyond mere coincidence
that, at those times when contentment in relaxation
is heightened into luxury, the cigarettes are by
BENSON and HEDGES—cigarettes so carefully made,
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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
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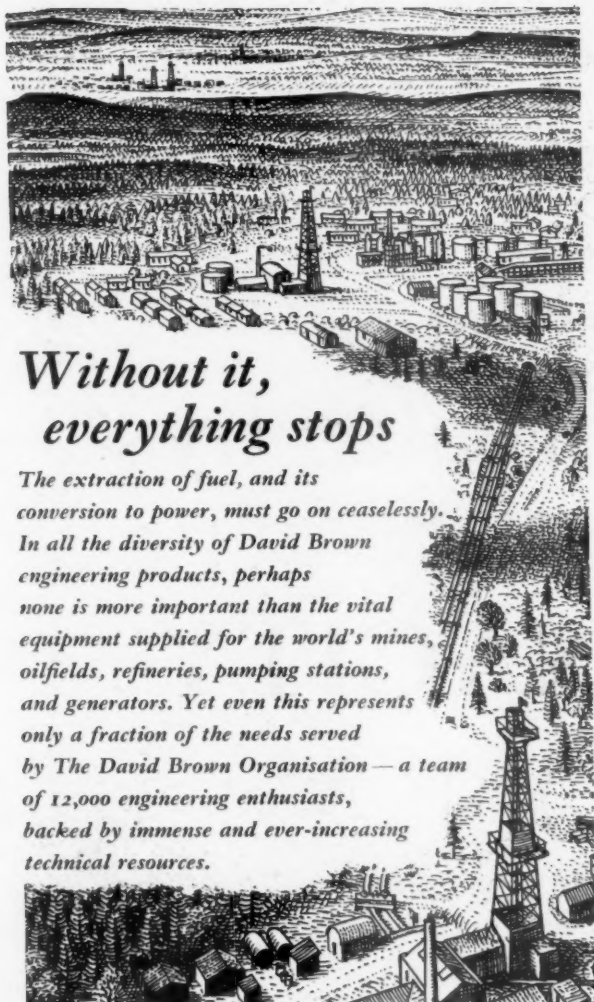
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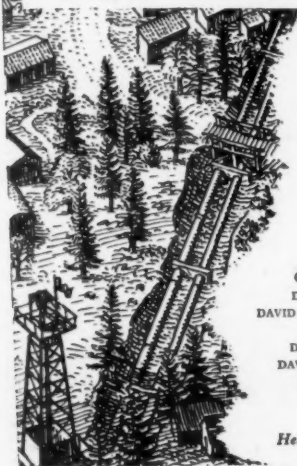
Without it, everything stops

The extraction of fuel, and its conversion to power, must go on ceaselessly.

In all the diversity of David Brown engineering products, perhaps none is more important than the vital equipment supplied for the world's mines, oilfields, refineries, pumping stations, and generators. Yet even this represents only a fraction of the needs served by The David Brown Organisation — a team of 12,000 engineering enthusiasts, backed by immense and ever-increasing technical resources.

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"THE WIDOW"

CHAMPAGNE



Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin

RHEIMS

"THANKS DAD"

ST HUGH'S TORMINSTER

Dear Dad,

My new Phillips Junior Sports arrived to-day. It's Super and has caused a sensation! What with its dazzling flamboyant "Kingfisher" Blue finish, Cream mudguards and real Experts Specification. I think you've

certainly started something here, everyone's writing home. Pongo Warwick has even promised to swot up his Maths in the hope of getting one.

Thanks again Dad,
Love to Mother,
Terry.



PHILLIPS
THE TRUE TEMPER STEEL BICYCLE

There is a superb Phillips Bicycle for every age of Boy or Girl. Full colour Catalogue readily sent on request.

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Amazing safety
of new tubeless tyres
made even greater by

HIGH-TENACITY RAYON

THE astonishing resistance of the new tubeless tyres to blowouts and punctures owes much to the great strength of High-Tenacity Rayon Cord. These new tyres, like most tyres on the road today, are made with this amazingly strong Tyre Cord.

It was first developed by Courtaulds in 1936, and in 1942 large-scale expansion took place to meet the urgent demands of war. Since then, the resistance to fatigue of Courtaulds Rayon Cord has been greatly increased, and its strength improved by as much as 30%. Every year, more and more rayon tyres are in use, covering more millions of miles in safety. Today, High-Tenacity Rayon Cord is acknowledged to be the world's leading tyre cord.

You're *safer* when you ride on RAYON!



*Thousands of families
now relax with this extra
motoring safeguard*

SAFETY COMES FROM THE INSIDE

What are tyres made of? Rubber, of course, but that's not all. Inside the rubber are layers of reinforcing textile; and in 95% of bus, car and lorry tyres, whether tubeless or standard, this textile is High-Tenacity Rayon. High-Tenacity Rayon is very strong indeed, yet flexible; it stands up to the stress and temperature of high-speed motoring with far reduced risk of breakdown. It gives greater safety, and adds extra mileage to tyre life.



COURTAULDS HIGH-TENACITY RAYON—

THE WORLD'S LEADING TYRE CORD

Back from the sea....



"... I was in Cyprus when a ship ran aground and broke in half near where I was stationed.

Amongst the flotsam were several tins of Barneys tobacco which I picked up. They had already had rough treatment, being washed some four hundred yards to the shore and covered in diesel-oil, but were still in perfect condition inside. Some eighteen months later I came across a tin which I had forgotten and found the tobacco was still perfect. My only disappointment was that it was not your Punchbowl, which I prefer".

(This letter can be seen at
11 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1)

PUNCHBOWLE
(Full)
BARNEYS
(Medium)
PARSONS' PLEASURE
(Mild)

4'10 ¹/₂

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**Let your money earn
maximum interest
with security**

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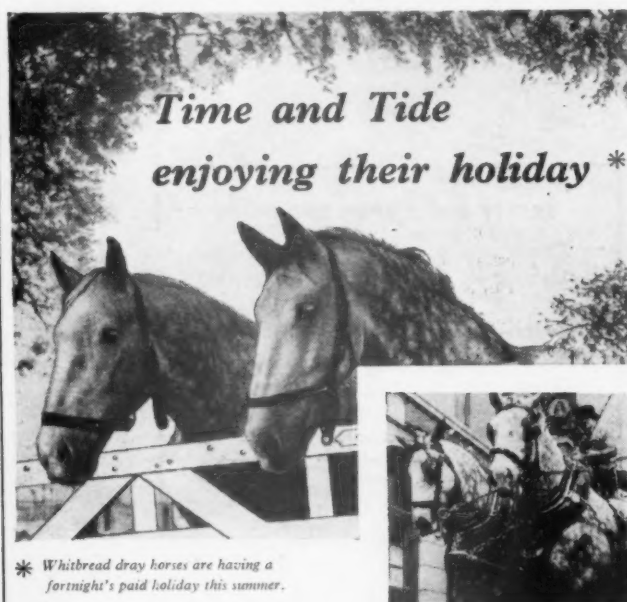
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INTEREST ON SHARES

FREE OF TAX

Equal to

£6-19-2 per cent gross



*Time and Tide
enjoying their holiday **

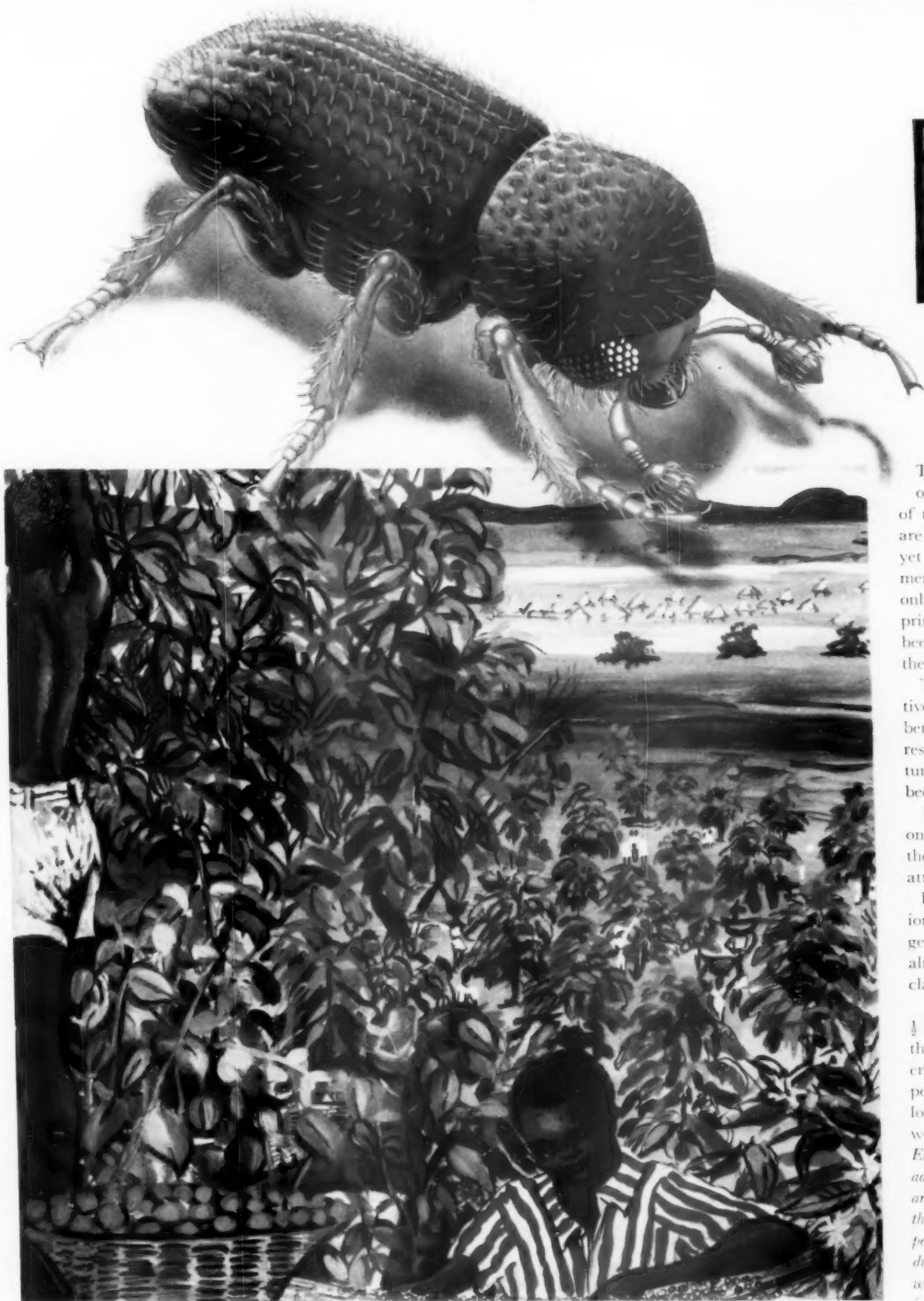
* Whitbread dray horses are having a fortnight's paid holiday this summer.

Enjoy yours with

WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale

The case of *Stephanoderes hampei* . . .



The Belgian Congo is potentially one of the big coffee growing areas of the world. Its soil and climate are excellent for the valuable crop, yet attempts at large-scale development have, for many years, been only partially successful. The principal pest has been a tiny beetle, *S. hampei*, commonly called the coffee berry borer.

The adult females of this destructive pest tunnel into the unripe berries to lay their eggs, and the resulting larvæ feed on the immature seeds which would otherwise become the coffee beans of commerce.

Until the appearance of endrin, one of the newer Shell insecticides, the coffee berry borer survived all attempts at economic control.

Endrin, because it possesses exceptional persistence, was brought into general use last season, and has already raised the yield of first-class beans by more than 150%.

By spraying endrin once only, at $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per acre, the coffee growers of the Congo are now protecting their crop throughout the whole danger period of about ten weeks—and looking forward to a bigger share of world markets.

Endrin, aldrin, dieldrin . . . these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area?

endrin

endrin, aldrin and dieldrin are



insecticides for world-wide use

ROADHOLDING IS *vital*



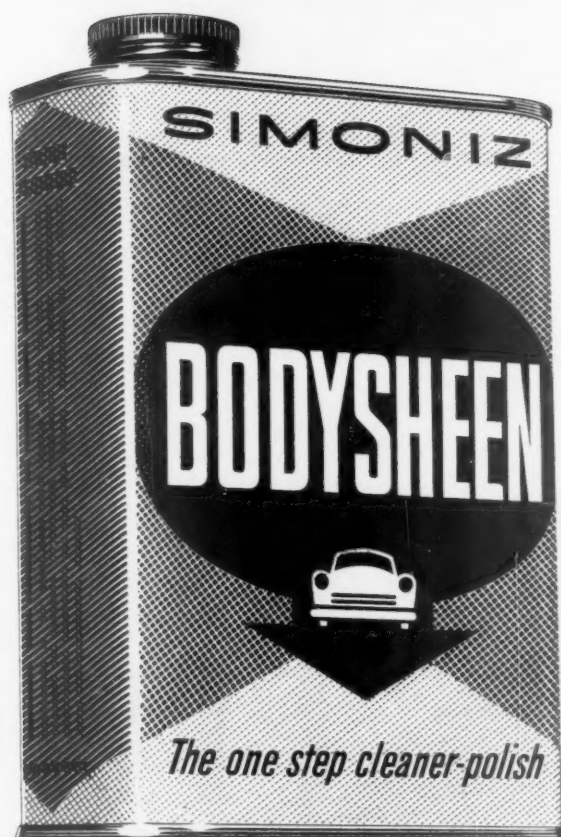
B.M.C. engineers test cars in the worst possible conditions of actual use

The Llama of the Andes is bred and trained for one main quality—surefootedness in carrying loads over mountain tracks. On the Llama the life of crag-perched villages may well depend. The same roadholding ability is one of the vital requirements in a car, and test-engineers at B.M.C. factories will kidnap any development model and rough-handle it round a test circuit specially chosen for its punishing surface. In such a test as this, and many others, there are no alibis. But this testing is the only way to ensure the standards of quality, roadholding, strength and durability which make cars in the B.M.C. range such outstanding value.

THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LTD

TWO OUT OF EVERY FIVE VEHICLES ON THE ROADS OF BRITAIN ARE BUILT BY B.M.C.

My car's dirty...



give me that Bodysheen quick — it's quick!

DIRTY CAR? *Quick*—get a can of **Bodysheen** and *quick*—it's clean—it's glittering clean! Don't wash your car unless it's caked with hard, gritty mud—get **Bodysheen**, the one-step cleaner-polish. It whips off dirt—it whips on shine! It's the easy, easy, easy way to the brightest, glossiest car you've seen! See it dirty—see it clean—be a speed polisher with **Bodysheen**! Still 5/- a big tin.



ROADHOLDING IS *vital*



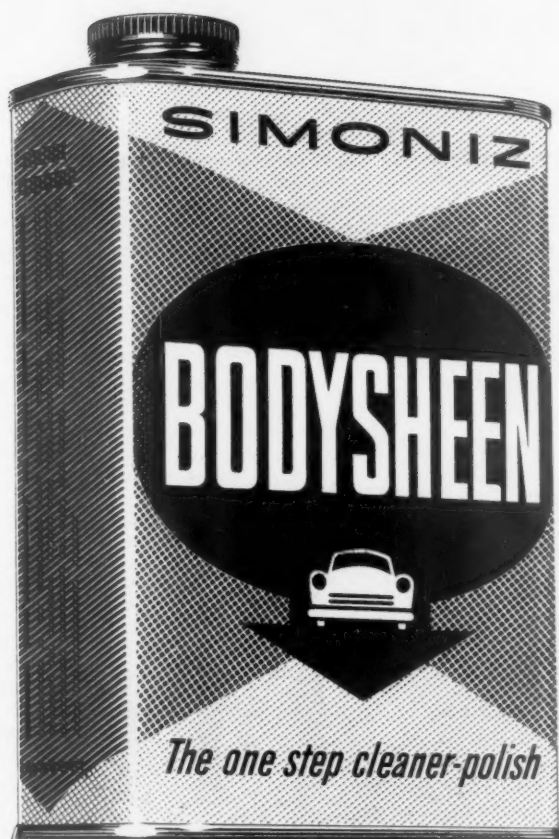
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finest petrol

in the World





A GRAVE note is struck in the latest report of a highly reputable German bank, which points out that the country is menaced by a "dangerous wage-price spiral caused by the growing labour shortage and a slackening off in the production-per-head curve." This shows that booms can't last for ever, even in a nation that has lost a major war.

Era of Enforced Liberty

News that Western correspondents will be invited to attend the Poznan riot trials suggests that they will be rigged to produce impressive numbers of acquittals.

News Behind the Men

THE personality cult in Fleet Street entered a new and dangerous phase last week when the *Express* published photographs of its photographers photographing. Inevitably this must have stimulated fascinated readers to demand photographs of the photographers who



photographed the photographing photographers, and unless the trend is arrested soon it is bound to get entirely out of control. Perhaps readers can be persuaded to accept a page-size colour supplement of Mr. Sefton Delmer in full settlement.

According to Wisden

To be deplored, though probably not discontinued, is the newspaper practice of ambushing the newly-decorated outside Buckingham Palace and asking how they got on. What with the head heavy with unaccustomed topper and shoulder

still glowing from the accolade theirs is the emotion best recollected in tranquillity. Off-the-cuff comments can be inadequate, as in Sir L. Hutton's disclosure that the Royal encounter was "like having to face Lindwall and Miller as the opening bat."

Trim, Sir?

JUDGE CLOTHIER has drawn attention to the inflated wages of barbers, observing that as long as they can make seventeen pounds a week people are hardly likely to take up more skilled occupations. Some combine the two, of course by doing their razor work in Soho.

Real Thing

No one is likely to discredit reports of the wording of Lenin's will revealed by official Russian sources. At this point in time, no invented version would have employed such lukewarm epithets as "rude, rough and capricious" in a testatory criticism of Stalin.

Rushing It

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Singapore the tin miners of Malaya are staying away from work to mark the "introduction of a go-slow movement." In the view of experienced trades union strategists this doesn't leave them much to fall back on.

No Harm in Hoping

A WOLVERHAMPTON psychiatrist has expressed his belief that the radioactivity generated by atomic bomb



experiments could create "a more intelligent type of man." It had better.

Nothing Like Ike

REPUBLICAN party organizers are naturally delighted with the news that Eisenhower is to run again, and more so with his assurance that he feels even fitter to-day than when he made his announcement in February. If everyone is to feel happy for them on this side of the Atlantic, however, they should get some sort of ban imposed on their candidate's Press photographs by radio.

Eye-opener

Plans for yet another television transmitter are announced by the B.B.C., this time to serve most of Cumberland and Westmorland. This will at last give



residents in the glorious Lake District the chance to see their local scenery, and have it explained to them by Mr. Dimbleby.

What's Going On?

THE man in the street has been finding all this capital punishment business a worry. His confusion over which peers, papers and parties are for the Bill, against hanging, against the abolitionists, anti-no-hanging, pro-retention or anti-Silverman caused him to turn gratefully to the secondary puzzle about why the Un-American Activities Committee should cite Arthur Miller for marrying Marilyn Monroe.

Baseball, Too

LORD HOME's assertion at the Australia Club dinner that "cricket and civilization are synonymous" is understood to have been followed up smartly by our Washington Embassy with an

official footnote to editors saying that his lordship did not of course mean to suggest that they were mutually exclusive.

Where There's No Fire . . .

PROFESSOR BRONOWSKI promised the recent international conference on Chemical Engineering in the Coal industry that in twenty years' time the



centres of all Britain's large towns will be smokeless zones. Household-ers, totting up their latest fuel bills, assume that this will be achieved by simply letting things go on as they've been going.

Health Round-Up

HOLIDAYMAKERS have been getting a thought-provoking send-off with the usual crop of articles about the dangers of sunshine, sea-bathing, foreign drinking water and over-eating, and medical opinion has revealed that the "polio season" is now here. Simultaneously announced are an epidemic of paratyphoid at Bexley, the possibility of getting tuberculosis by taking aspirin, the relative inefficacy of so-called wonder drugs and a statistical link between beer and cancer. On the bright side, mice have smoked fifty cigarettes a day without contracting skin tumours, and a headline about "Briar Patch Legs" turns out to be nothing more startling than a depilatory advertisement.

Confound Their Politics

The Malayan Government offers \$15,000 for a new national anthem.

LORD bless our land and all who live therein

Under the jungle-fringed Malayan sky.

Ensure a regular demand for tin,

And keep the market-price of rubber high.

Grant that our rulers never be the dupes

Of western commissars or eastern pandits,

And send us ever all the British troops

We need to keep our jungles free from bandits.

SUBJECT: ACCLIMATIZATION

Memo from Prime Minister to all Departments.

1. With the object of accustoming all members of H. M. Government to variations in procedure at present obtaining in the Soviet Union before my official visit there next May, I wish all Government receptions in future to be conducted on the lines indicated by M. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin.

2. In particular the following points are to be observed:

(a) *Use of Water.* Where adequate standing water is available, guests at official functions are to be taken out in boats. It is clear that useful results can always be expected from this procedure. Rowing-boats are to be preferred to motor-boats, as indicating a greater measure of personal participation by the host.

Lord Cilcennin will be responsible for ensuring that boats are at all times available. He will also arrange instruction in rowing for any member of the Cabinet who may require it.

(b) *Photography.* Greater emphasis is to be laid on informality. The "team photograph" effect must be avoided, and photographers instructed to concentrate on small informal groups. Such un-

rehearsed incidents as Ministers and/or guests falling into lakes or under tables are especially valuable. There is no objection to Ministers moving their arms in a rapid circular motion and observing "Look at me, I am an aeroplane," or some equivalent form of words, if it is thought that this will have good effect.

(c) *Games.* Ministers must at all times be prepared to organize and participate in boisterous fun. Games of a pronouncedly national character, such as cricket, or of great complexity, such as the Eton Wall Game, are to be avoided.

(d) *Diet.* The following items have been found valuable in promoting free exchange of opinions:

Whisky
Brandy
Rum
Gin
Vodka.

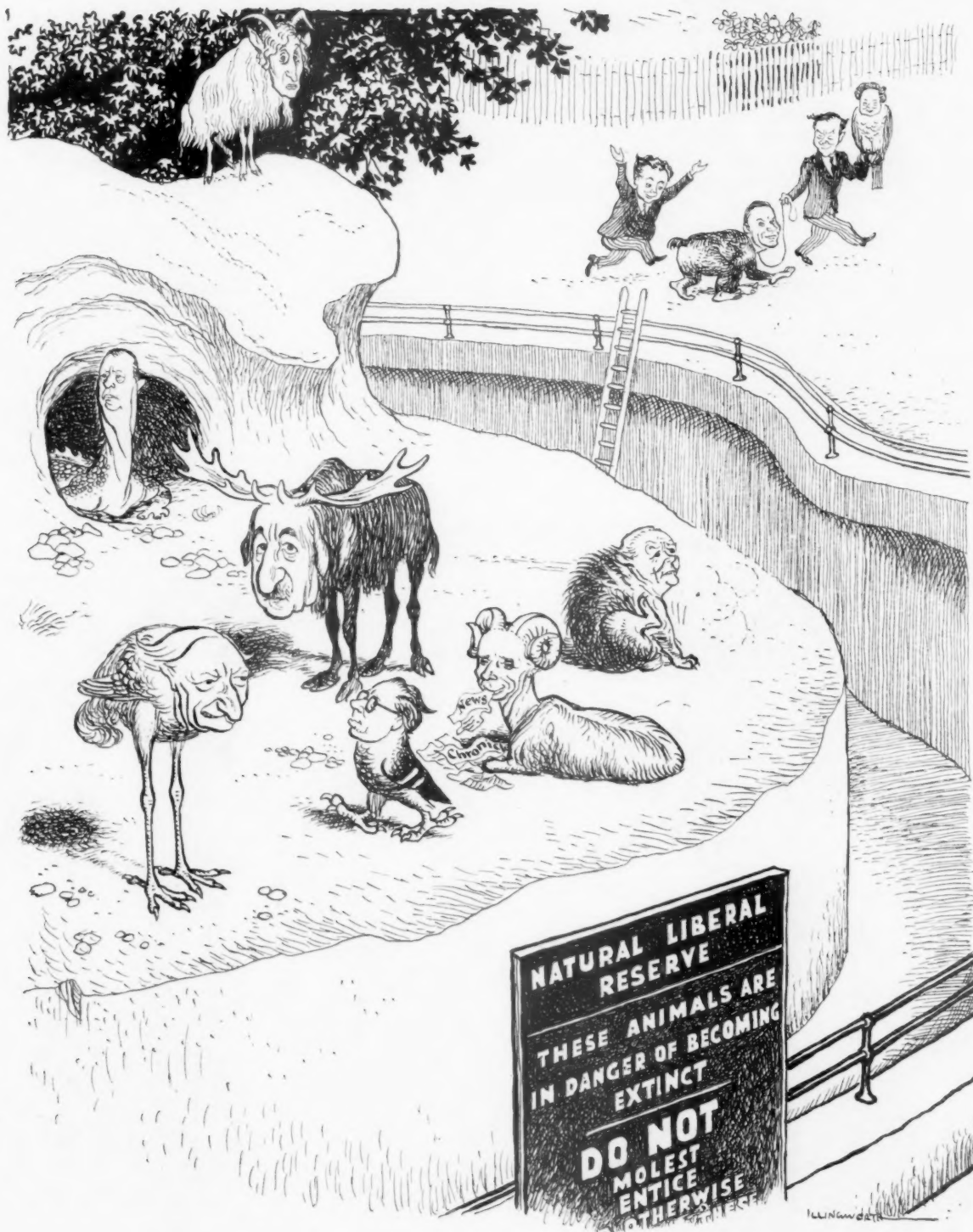
Consideration should be given to national preferences when offering refreshments, but it will be made clear that failure to drink any of the thirty-five toasts listed in Appendix "A" to this document will lead to deterioration of relations.

(e) *Public Speaking.* The courtesies observed in Parliament are NOT appropriate. Guests, or other Ministers, may be addressed in such terms as may seem most effective at the time of speaking, thus ensuring a frank exchange of views.

3. I realize that these changes in protocol may seem strange for a time, but it is essential that all members of H. M. Government familiarize themselves with them by next May. As the Minister with the most practical experience of the fresh procedures, Mr. Nigel Birch will be responsible for co-ordination of all aspects of the new Government hospitality programme, including provision of necessary stores, such as aspirin, but excluding boats. Where electrical equipment has to be provided, care must be taken that the batteries are fully charged.

B. A. Y.





The Cinderella Men

By ALEX ATKINSON

The Daily Express is offering a prize for the reader closest to their idea of the perfect subscriber, or Daily Express Man

DUMBLY waiting, with watery eyes and three days' dirt beneath his fingernails, the News of the World Man tickled under the table his whippet's bony head, his only comfort really, aware of luke-warm stout in his stomach, the aged blow-fly whining in a tea-stained cup. The whippet, aware of fleas and the sore on its leg, dreamed of last night's freedom, the rainy expedition up the cinder-path, the courting legs he sniffed, shuffles and whispers in the dark among the elderberry bushes. "Can't be much longer now," said the News of the World Man, tapping with a hard bent finger the glass

of his watch, gun-metal case, ten bob down and five a month.

The New Statesman Man, snug in odorous duffel coat, fanned dandruff from his *Weekend Mail* and sipped his cocoa. It was getting late, he grieved: Lance would be home already to find the flat a mess, fat congealed in the frying-pan, Palestrina all over the floor, the rude note from the landlady about the goings-on. "He'll be on time, that bastard, if I know him," he replied. But perhaps one should hope, he brooded: it may be the millennium: we are all going with him, off to a happy land far far away. One can't be sure, however. If only there were something to hold on to . . .

"Thing is," said the Times Man, who had been sternly observing man-hours being frittered by the refreshment buffet staff while rubbing his index finger with tonic to get the ink off, "thing is, we might have missed him." He was nervous about missing things. Life skulked behind the impenetrable bars of fine print, even behind the humorous one, and when you saw it it was gone, it was to-morrow, the birds had flown, the mortgage would never be paid. A dark-grey chief clerk, he, one collar did two days: his boss a Daily Sketch Man, brown boots, the life of the local.

"Cheer up, cock," the Mirror Man croaked thickly, cheerily. He had at last pinched a buttock of the blonder

NEWS OF THE WORLD



THE NEW STATESMAN

waitress, and undone the bottom four buttons of his waistcoat. "Wait 'e said and wait we 'ave, and 'e won't let us down. What say we 'ave a sing-song, and Nellie 'ere'll do the rock 'n' roll? Anyone know any risky jokes? Laugh and be 'appy, say I, and down with the Tories and 'ands off the smilin' Princess."

"Humph," said the Mail Man. Short and thick the Mail Man was, hard his hat and stout his sole, keen his eye and sensible his serge. A male man, the Mail Man, and his wife female, which made all the difference. Not averse to a humorous joke, but not of the above nature, and liked a florin each way on a horse, usually the second favourite on

account of his healthy suspicion. Having said humph he again put his moustache through the froth of his pale ale, for there was not much more to say. Action was the thing. If this feller had the answer when he came, all well and good. God knew, things were at a pretty pass. He could remember the time when you could get twenty for elevenpence ha'penny.

The Observer Man was bald and bland, patently carved by Barbara Hepworth. The knot of his tie was loose, and he was older than he seemed. His hands were smooth. One eyebrow raised, he drank a little Chablis. He then made a cryptic remark which nobody quite caught, and gave an Amis belch. He had not brought his wife, for she was loose and mad on Chaplin, not to mention Sam Beckett. More than likely she was being haphazardly unchaste

on the H.P. chesterfield with the Sunday Times Man from upstairs, who had bad breath and the loudest laugh in the National Film Theatre. The Observer Man did not know what to expect, but was ready to give anything his quizzical attention. Then, too, there might be money in it, for a fortnight in Normandy with the old tandem.

Remote in a corner, obscured in a cloud of cut-plug smoke, the gnarled Daily Herald Man started another game of draughts with the Reynolds News Man. They were redolent of putty and blow-lamps. Each game was worth a fiver. What they wanted to know was, when this bloke came, was it just going to be promises, promises, and then another slap in the eye? Because if so, nothing doing. But he must have something for them, surely—some key, some magic word, some formula perhaps



THE DAILY MIRROR



THE TIMES

THE DAILY MAIL



THE OBSERVER



for a thirty-hour week and a bob or two off the rent?

Prompt on the dot as they waited, living in hope, it was hey presto, and with a rush of white-walled tyres he was there, plonking through the entrance in his Grey Flannel Suit, the Daily Express Man, the hero, the saviour, with shiny teeth and a natural sun-tan, six feet tall and brimful of well-balanced meals, raring to go, the back seat piled high with pamphlets about correct breathing and how to make bricks with somebody else's straw. A fresh wind blew through the buffet, the soot cleared from the station roof, the train shunted into position to receive him, porters fought to carry his car, his secretary, his fastidious, beauty-conscious wife, to a first-class reserved compartment with hot and cold running water. Sam Smiles stirred in his grave, and two miles away

the poor News Chronicle Man was still trying to find which was the right bus.

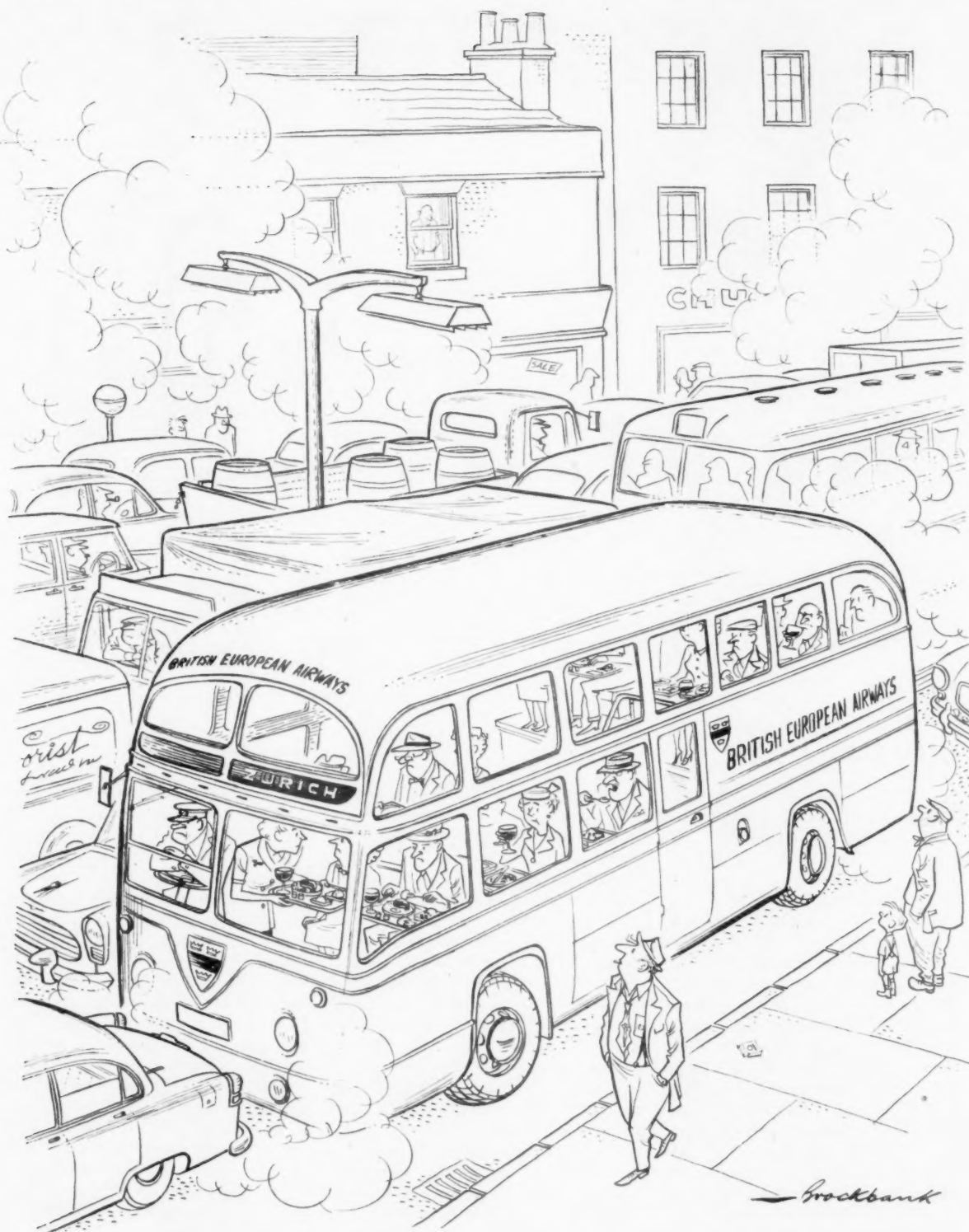
"Well, friends," boomed the Daily Express Man, as they got nervously to their feet and touched their forelocks, "I just got you here so you could see me off!" His accent was sufficiently American to be noticeably English. He was a living, breathing Talking Point, a quotation from Henry Ford or Marilyn Monroe, his mind as quick as a ball-point pen, his thoughts as freshly shaved as the *Readers Digest*. The smell of him was as the smell of the soap in an hotel bedroom. His hair was all his own, and if he died to-morrow there'd be another to take his place, custom-built, straight off the assembly line, styptic, wonderful. In his breast pocket there was stowed a collapsible lifeboat. At three and a half he had picked his destination, booked his penthouse,

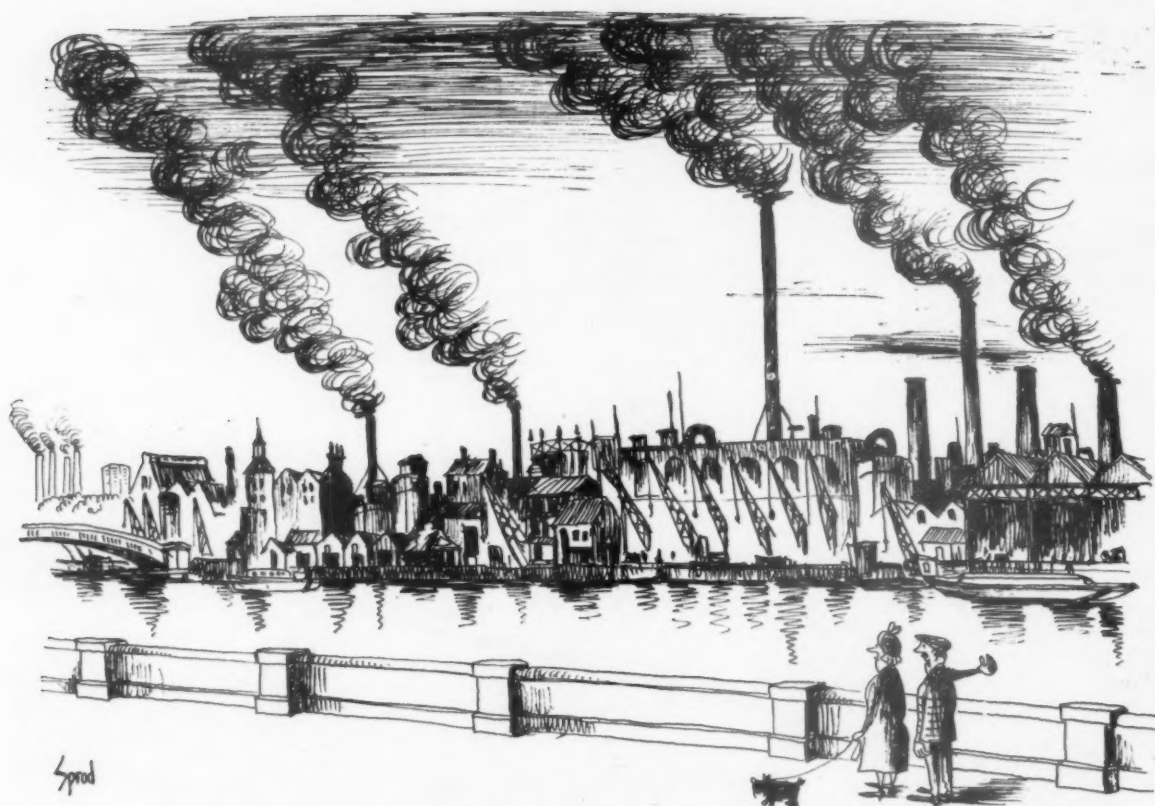
chalked Think! up over his cot, and shot down his first egg-head in flames.

"But, sir," they stammered, "aren't we coming with you?"

He sprayed the withering laugh of Success over them, and there were some casualties, to which the War Cry Man attended. Then he shook each by the hand, flung them a handful of signed photographs, and was carried up out of their sight, reading aloud from his bank-book, car and all, wife and all, whoosh. And the train streaked off in a cloud of satisfaction, eating up the miles to the top of the tree where the mighty ones dwell, picking one another's eyes out with their sharp, knowing beaks.

He left behind on the buffet floor a few crumbs of sawdust only from his stuffing, and in the air a suspicion of doubt, which he always had to keep throwing to the winds.





"Pity about the Fun Fair tower, but they said it was going to spoil the Battersea sky-line."

Liberals

By CLAUD COCKBURN

SURELY there must be a couple of other old Liberals here who felt what I did when we read that news about how Dingle Foot and W. Fred Roberts and another man whose name I forget had quit the Party and moved into the Gaitskell faction. A pang is what it was. Like that thing about suddenly noticing that the policemen are getting younger and younger.

Although, mind you, a man wrote to the *News Chronicle* saying that it didn't matter so much as you would think, because a lot of people on Canvey Island had just joined the Liberal Party—I don't recall just how many he said it was, but it was a lot more than three. Also the Parliamentary leader of the Liberal Party who, as you of course remember, is a Mr. Clement Davies, at once issued a statement expressing quite grand-avuncular concern not at the state of the Liberal Party but at the

possibility that the dear lads might find the manners and customs of their new school too rough for them.

In this shifting and—as I sometimes think—rather shifty world, one element which can be relied on to offer a certain amount of stability and continuity is the attitude which any Liberal leader is liable to take to anything.

Getting down to lower levels, where things are apt to be more fluid, I made a brief survey of three toilers at the Liberal Party Headquarters. Three trends were immediately and clearly discernible. (I have to conceal the names of those interviewed, in the interests of individual freedom.)

Miss A, asked what she thought of Mr. Roberts, looked at first somewhat dismayed and then asked, cautiously, "Is he connected with this organization?"

A tricky question to answer, because it was necessary to tell the eagerly

Liberal Miss A that whereas Mr. Roberts had been connected, man and boy, with the organization for years and years in the capacity of M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Air Ministry and for some time as top-admin. man—Manager, or something of that kind—he had, as of about twenty-four hours previously, ceased to be so connected.

Miss A said that in that case she could not see what she could usefully say about him. So far as she was concerned the man had moved out of reality into the mists of outer space.

A Mr. B, who is something in the financial department of the Party, was succinct in his view. "I suppose," he said, "you get these things happening from time to time. It's politics, you know," he added rather severely, as though to disabuse me of the idea that it might be somehow something else.

Miss C, who looked like one used to

think girls from Malvern might look, surprised me by framing her estimate of the situation in two words which, however you arrange them, will get you arrested if you print them.

I felt compelled to remind her of the words of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith when he came, about a hundred years ago, to address the Oxford Liberal Club of which I was, at the time—it was 1925, or roughly thereabouts, to be exact—Secretary, and said “Whatever happens, keep your Liberalism” (there was a short pause here while he adjusted his pince-nez and found the place in the notes) “pure.”

As a matter of fact it was a jolly good point, because just around that time, or it may have been a year or so later, there seemed to be quite a lot of impurities creeping and seeping into Oxford Liberalism.

I need hardly say that Lloyd George was the cause. Lloyd George, who tended to suppose that young men with Oxford accents were suckers, malleable in the hands of a good Welsh solicitor and ex-Premier, thought it would be a clever move in his bitter battle with the Asquithians to set up a Lloyd-Georgian Club in Oxford which would rival and ruin the existing Liberal Club.

His suggestions were met with an eagerness which he took as evidence of strong local support but was, in harsh fact, largely motivated by the knowledge that, for such a purpose, the multi-millions which (so everyone supposed) had accumulated from the sale of honours to undeserving people might actually be tapped by deserving undergraduates.

An Organizing Committee was formed with almost unique rapidity and enthusiasm, and men from the Lloyd George organization beamed with pleasure at the sight of so many starry-eyed youths so promptly seeing the light.

They were soon impressed, too, by the recruiting abilities of the said undergraduates. It showed, people said, what conviction and hard work would do.

It also showed—a point of which they were unaware—what a lot of members you could get for almost anything if, as your basic plan of campaign, you stocked the cellars with a lot of expensive champagne bought with

Lloyd George's money and sold it to members at half price.

It was quite a while before scepticism broke out at Headquarters. That was the day when the late Lords Birkenhead and Beauchamp came down to speak at the Union and, in the late afternoon, were taken on a conducted tour of the Club which, it was believed, was putting Lloyd George firmly on the map of Oxford.

The conductor, an official of the Club, admitted to me afterwards that at lunch with the Great Chiefs in some hotel he had rather let himself go about the place—humming, the way he told it, with political activity and hard thinking from morning to night. It had not, for reasons which appeared to him sufficient at the time, occurred to him that the lunching Earls would at any time actually want to visit the Club.

When they got there everyone had drunk all the cut-price champagne they could hold and gone away—leaving only one leading Committee member to help conduct the distinguished guests. He had remained on duty, but, weary with waiting, had fallen into a sleep so deep that even the angry and disappointed shouts of the Earls did not rouse him.

It was the kind of experience that moulds a man's Liberal thinking, and quite often can get him even re-thinking.

I hope very much that Wilfred Roberts' re-think hasn't been in any way painful—let alone agonizing. He is a man I much esteem, partly because he is one of the only four really amusing politicians I ever met, and partly because, though a natural for a Lord, he once refused a Peerage because he thought it was some kind of bribe to

keep his mouth shut about a thing that happened in a Government.

A pity really, because they hushed the thing up in a manner which prevented him opening his mouth anyway, so he might just as well, I always thought, have gone right ahead and been a Lord.

I believe, strictly by hindsight, that I may have had a kind of pre-view of Mr. Roberts' troubles with Liberalism when, on behalf of a newspaper for which I then worked, I attended—this would be some time in the late 1940s I should think—a Conference of the Liberal Party at Bournemouth.

The idea was to have a light-hearted kind of story—it was what used to be called the Silly Season.

I telephoned my little piece to the paper, and pretty soon the Editor telephoned me and said that when they had said “light-hearted” they had not meant that I was to invent the whole thing.

It took me nearly twenty minutes of fierce argument to convince him that my report was a strictly factual account of the Conference of the Liberal Party and not the product of a temporarily surrealist imagination.

He said “Well, in any case you'd better interview Wilfred Roberts—after all he's the Manager or whatever they call it of the Party. Get something a bit more factual from him.”

I dashed round to see Mr. Roberts, who was brooding. I asked on what did he brood?

“I am wondering,” he said, “what possibilities there are of a last-minute split between the dupes and the fellow-travellers.”



"The Usual Order"

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

THE opinion has gradually grown among judges, since it started in the dark days of 1950, that Legal Aid is all right. "The teething troubles," they told the Select Committee on Estimates, "of Legal Aid are now largely over and fewer unmeritorious cases are now getting Legal Aid." On the whole judges have been slower to appreciate the advantages of Legal Aid than the struggling advocate who, before this benevolent scheme started, was liable to deal with poor persons' cases for the hardly adequate fee of nothing at all. For him any form of legal assistance, such as free third-class travel to the outlying towns where some of these cases took place, or a duty-free cigarette during the lunch-time adjournment, seemed a step in the right direction. A scheme which not only guaranteed him payment but provided it within a year or two of the work being done, less fifteen per cent, was clearly of general public good.

On the whole, however, a certain amount of judicial snootiness marked the early stages of Legal Aid. This chill used to be apparent at the end of cases. If there is Legal Aid it is then necessary to ask the judge for what is called "The usual order for taxation." This is an order that the costs should come out of the ample government fund provided for the purpose. It is an amusing thing

to ask for, because no judge has any power to refuse it. He can only, at the end of a long, unsuccessful trial about some window cleaner who has been found never to have fallen out of the window, or some wounded finger-digiter who has been discovered not to have been caught up in the machinery at all, grumble impotently. This is a scene to be relished by young men used to grumbling, but not by impotent judges.

Peskett (who has just listened to a devastating judgment against him, sweeping up his papers and preparing to leave the Court with a casual smile): I ask of course for the usual order for taxation.

Judge (sickened): Is this a Legal Aid case?

Peskett: Oh, yes my lord. The plaintiff had a nil contribution!

Judge: A what?

Peskett: He's paid nothing at all, my lord.

Judge: Then who, Mr. Peskett, is to pay for this . . .

(Looking out of the window, Peskett idly wonders which word he will choose. "Farrago"? possibly, "Beano"? perhaps, "Orgy"? hardly. Disappointingly the Judge chokes out "Trial.")

Peskett: The State.

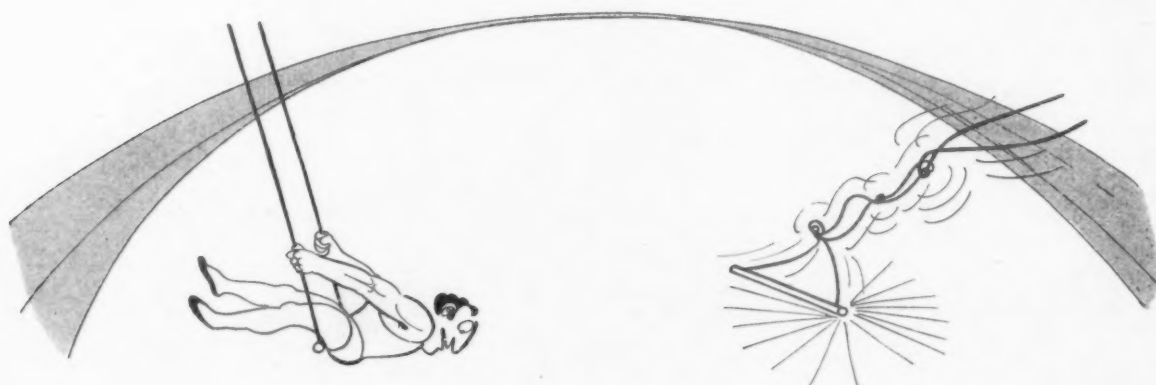
Judge (ominously): You, Mr. Peskett, and I.

Peskett: You, perhaps, on eight thousand a year and all you must have salted away at the Bar, besides what you managed to set off for the loss on that rotten old farm of yours. You, my lord, perhaps. Not I, with a wife and three child's allowances. Personally I hope to be up on the deal.

(In fact he doesn't say this. In fact he inclines his head gently and says "If your Lordship pleases.")

Judge: It occurs to me, Mr. Peskett, that I have just had the privilege of paying for your time for three days and for the time of two highly expensive medical gentlemen who have convinced me that your client, far from falling into an electric finger-digiter at work, was in fact pushed into a hand-mangle at home. I suppose I must make the usual order.

Unenthusiastic, you see. Slow to twig the real benefits of the Welfare State. Unlike, in that respect, the very old married couples who realized, when Legal Aid first came in, that years of unappreciated wedlock might now be comparatively cheaply ended. It was then that the Legal Aid Committees were flooded with applications which had waited for many years to recite old wrongs. "It was when he read in the paper about the Balkan atrocities that he began to look at me . . ." "He called



Ffolkes

"Shall we try it again, Miss Lollobrigida?"

me Old Bag, Pro-Boer." "I caught him out with Mrs. Bignet and he said 'I hope a Zeppelin gets you.'" Eager armies of these matrimonial malcontents struggled up the stairs of the Legal Aid Centres during that teething time. Now the 'rush is over, the problems are more or less contemporary. Barristers and solicitors, who form the committees which grant or refuse Legal Aid, become used to a routine of deserving cases and ordinary people, reluctantly caught up in the law. Only an occasional ambitious request causes them to shake their heads.

"The next case, gentlemen," says the solicitor in charge, munching the excellent biscuit the Government provides with tea for these deliberations, "is a Mrs. Harris of Deptford. She has issued a writ against the Bishop of London for fraudulent conversion of a two-shilling piece she put in the collection at evensong in a small High Church off Stratford Broadway. She says it's a test case."

"What's it testing?"

"Either she's against the Missions to Seamen or the incense overcame her and she thought it was a penny."

"Isn't her action misconceived?"

"Shouldn't it be larceny by a baillee?"

"Anyway, we'd better refuse it on ground C."

"She can always appeal."

Or the National Assistance Board, examining the means of the applicant, find their suspicions aroused. "Mr. Smythson Hughes, who wants Legal Aid to file his own Petition in Bankruptcy, was visited by the Board's representatives. To our surprise we noticed that his lavatory is larger than the living room in most council houses and is not only carpeted to the walls but contains a number of portrait busts and paintings in oils. The assisted person was drinking a beverage alleged to have been "Frute-fiz" which one of our representatives identified as pink champagne. It is our opinion that this applicant's means bring him slightly outside the scope of the scheme."

One of the main advantages of Legal Aid is that it has, like U.N.E.S.C.O. and Marilyn Monroe, international appeal. Anyone in the world who finds he is caught up in an action in the English courts can get it, and, as likely as not, his evidence will have to be



"Have you been to Glyndebourne this year?"

taken on commission where he lives. This is not cheap, and £2,000 was recently spent on litigation over a marriage which took place in Egypt and in Italy. When you take evidence abroad, the Committee on Estimates was told, "up goes the balloon." Peskett is waiting for it to go up. He's involved in a case in which the husband, a steady worker on the Piccadilly Line, is accusing the wife he left behind in a distant corner of Nigeria of a too warm friendship with a traveller in kitchen utensils from Sierra Leone. All three have enthusiastically applied for Legal Aid. Evidence will have to be taken on commission. Peskett, in his more hopeful moments, sees himself being there to help take it, brilliantly cross-examining before a local chieftain, perhaps, who sits under a tree wearing the opera hat of justice. As Peskett turns to leave the jungle, distributing his brief evenly among the native bearers, he will ask of course for the unusual order for taxation. Now the teething troubles are over this should produce no adverse comment from the Bench.

The Church Mendicant

(After Betjeman)

O'ER the See-girt shires of England
Now the summer sunlight dawns
On a thousand Fêtes and Parties
On a thousand rectory lawns.

Now the Union of Mothers
And the trebles from the choir
Buttress with the sale of lamp-shades
Belfry, battlement and spire.

Tea-trays, teddy-bears and undies
Piled on slight, unsteady stalls
Take the thrust of Gothic vaulting
And the weight of Norman walls.

Serried piers and soaring arches,
King-posts, corbels, hammer-beams
Are precariously suspended
By a thread of chocolate creams.

O'er the length and breadth of England
Steeple lift the earth-bound eye;
Come, believers! Come, agnostics,
Come to scoff and stay to buy!

E. V. MILNER

... owe-ur Nobble Queen

By CHARLES REID

EVENING paper bannerlines outside the Empress Hall told of dead and wounded in the Poznan streets. A sallow small man with a raincoat and a foreign accent opened a brown paper parcel on a stump of wall and tried to hawk Party bromides about the Twentieth Congress.

The singers and dancers of the Soviet Army Ensemble were coming in by the coachload from scattered West End hotels. In communal dressing-rooms they took off their geometrically cut sports jackets and put them on hangers with attentive pats and smoothings; then struggled into army breeches, high boots, khaki smocks and uniform caps which instantly assumed a screwed-on look.

A soothing English voice came over the dressing-room intercom. "Testing the speakers, testing the speakers. One, two, three, four, five. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Pol-chassa, Tovarishchee, pol-chassa.*" The voice was Henry Thomas's. While talking into his stage director's mike, a thing like an enlarged tea-strainer, he glanced over Russian backstage phrases he had typed by ear for his loose-leaf notebook. *Pol-chassa* for half an hour. *Chetvert-chassa* for a quarter of an hour. *Pyat meenoot* for five minutes. *Tantsori nah tsaynoo* for Dancers stand by. At every verse-end Mr. Thomas added *Tovarishchee*, because, he explained, the Russians were very particular about that and used it at every verse-end to each other.

A counter-tenor with a swarthy, beaming face and the build of a rain-barrel threaded his way through backstage shadows. He pinned a model of the Moscow Military Academy in ruby enamel and gilt on Mr. Thomas's lapel, gave Mr. Thomas a rib-cracking hug and back-pedalled into the shadows, his three gold teeth gleaming joyously. On the dressing-room corridor a Ukrainian balalaika-player with ivory pommels for cheekbones was pinning a similar trophy, this one in blue enamel and gilt, on an Empress Hall doorkeeper's blue serge tunic. Having pinned, he, too, stepped back three paces and smiled through his steel-rimmed spectacles in sudden gleams like a light buoy. A pub dart missed the nape of his neck by millimetres. The doorkeeper had hung

a dartboard on the corridor wall. Russian soldiers were chewing their tongues and throwing darts at it as if they were ten-pound javelins.

"How are the vodka supplies?" I asked a British Council liaison man. He jacked up his left eyebrow in a deprecatory way. "The boys," he primmed, "drink nothing but soft fizz, the officers sherry." Of the girl dancers in white stockings and tulle party frocks, he said there was no familiarity between them and the men dancers. Everything pure and unimpeachable.

By this time the choir had clomped monolithically on to the platform. A stocky colonel with a square head tastefully finished in light grey, Nikolai Bulganin in person, although the programme whimsically called him Prof. Boris Alexandrov, lifted a reverent baton and took his men through his own arrangement, a purred and crooning one, suitable for the sick room, of *God Save the Queen*. This was a surprise item. No hint in the programme.

Now here's a curious thing. Mr. Thomas and every other Anglo-Saxon backstage affirmed, swore, broke saucers and kissed the Book to the effect that every night the Russians sang:

God save *their* gracious Queen . . .

I took this up, through an interpreter, with the choir-manager, a private with war ribbons and the face of a worried film star. He rolled his eyes, clasped his hands before me as before an ikon, and said, *Nyet, nyet*, they sang the proper words, having learned them by heart

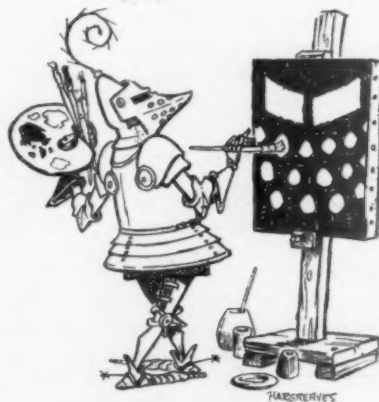
from an imported long-play of our beautiful 1953 Coronation Service. This was what they sang, he added, breaking into glucose tenor—

God save owe-ur gracious Queen,
Lawng live owe-ur nobble Queen . .
Send hair victorieuse,
Heppy end glorieuse,
Lawng to reign ovver us . . .

Other choirmen came racing up and smiled confirmatory smiles at me from under their implacable hats. Not *they-ur* nobble Queen, they chorused, but *owe-ur* nobble Queen. They produced this *owe-ur* sound by folding their tongues down the middle and swallowing them smartly without letting their eyes water. It was a London paper, the manager added, that first alleged they sang *they-ur* instead of *owe-ur*. While loving London papers as much as he loved London and Londoners generally, he was a bit annoyed about this mis-reporting.

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I remember when, at the mention of Chaliapin and Diaghilev, names reeking of unpaid bills, holy oils, cigar fag, gipsy-and-champagne parties and dissolving Dumas, every Soviet citizen within versts became a zipped-up sour-puss. As I came away from the Hall the sallow foreigner was parcelling up his Twentieth Congress bromides. He seemed to have as many as he began with. The news-stands had sold out on Blood in Poznan Streets.





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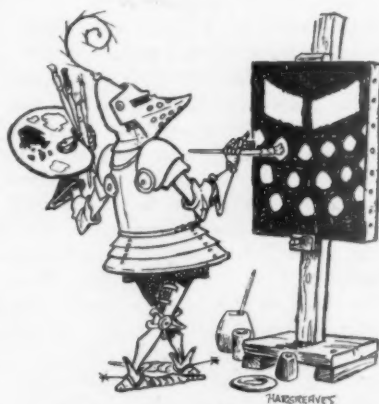
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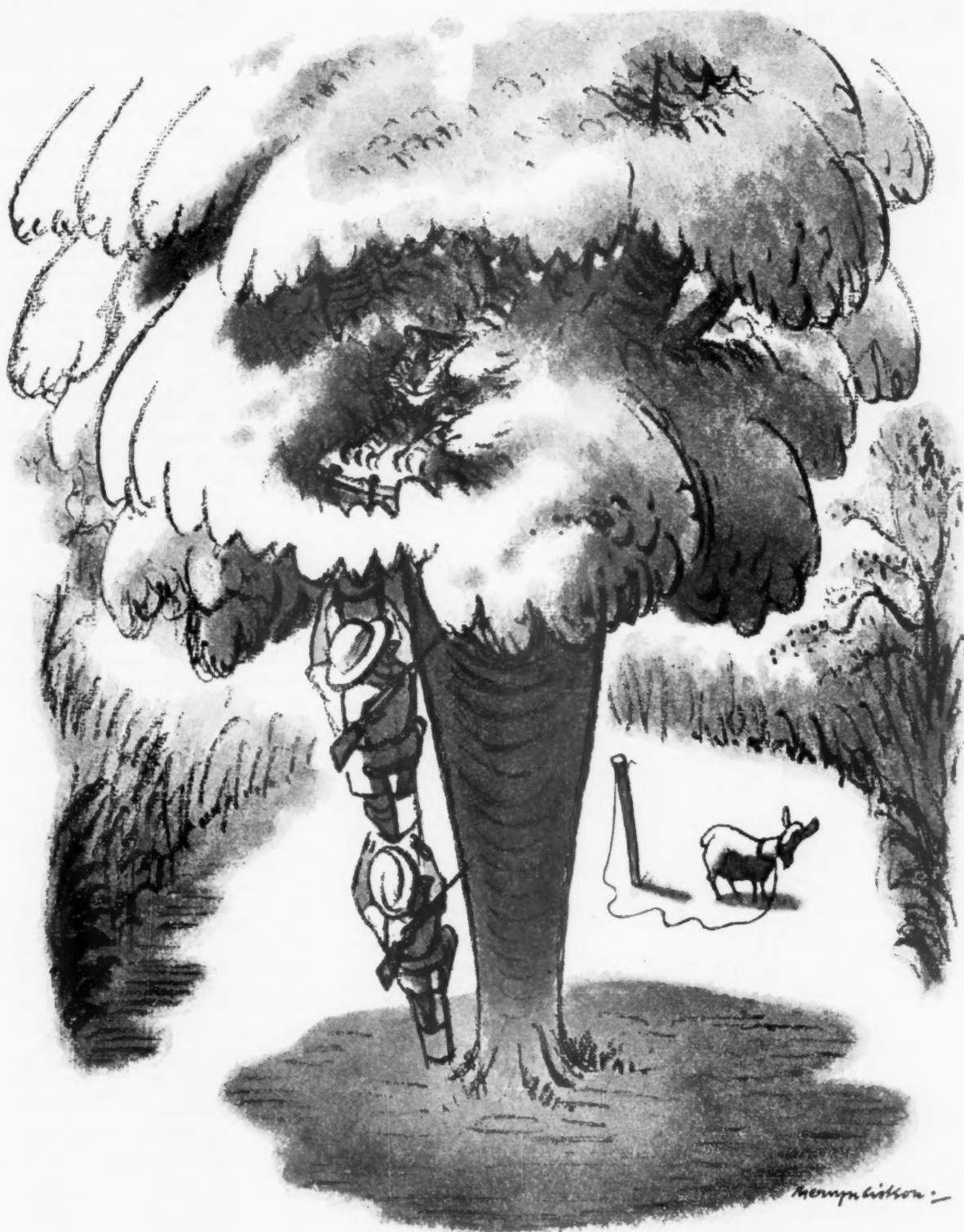
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Other choirmen came racing up and smiled confirmatory smiles at me from under their implacable hats. Not *they-ur* nobble Queen, they chorused, but *owe-ur* nobble Queen. They produced this *owe-ur* sound by folding their tongues down the middle and swallowing them smartly without letting their eyes water. It was a London paper, the manager added, that first alleged they sang *they-ur* instead of *owe-ur*. While loving London papers as much as he loved London and Londoners generally, he was a bit annoyed about this mis-reporting.

Richly embroidered men and girls in red leather boots took cloth bouquets out of tin wardrobe trunks marked B.B.C.—"initials of the Soviet Air Force," tittered a wandering Assistant Military Attaché—and did a Ukrainian wedding dance that raised typhoons of enthusiasm. A tiny functionary with blue eyes and fluffy hair, Georgi Kozhenkov, was introduced to me as the choreographer. "So you're the new Diaghilev?" I twitted. "Yes," smiled Mr. Kozhenkov—"but only half as big." A young infantryman with a gigantic bass-baritone, Eizen by name, made all Earl's Court quake with the Volga Boatmen's Song. When he came off I stood on the tips of my toes and clapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Thanks, Chaliapin." Spreading both hands over his heart, Eizen said "Chaliapin is my god."

I remember when, at the mention of Chaliapin and Diaghilev, names reeking of unpaid bills, holy oils, cigar fag, gipsy-and-champagne parties and dissolving Dumas, every Soviet citizen within versts became a zipped-up sour-puss. As I came away from the Hall the sallow foreigner was parcelling up his Twentieth Congress bromides. He seemed to have as many as he began with. The news-stands had sold out on Blood in Poznan Streets.





Work in Prospect

By WILLIAM THORNTON

SOMEBODY's debt to somebody: Hopkins, Masfield, Thring; Skelton, Crabbe, Gabbittas. Or the influence of anybody on nobody: Ernest Hemingway and Mrs. Porter. Give a critical account of T. S. Eliot's olfactory sense. Write a sonnet about a dirty bath.

Never was such a time for literary work of all kinds. Look at the advertisements for writers' correspondence courses—*Now that paper rationing has virtually gone*. Draft an advertisement for a writers' correspondence course when paper rationing has actually gone. This is only the dusty fringe. Compose a novel called *Dust in My Fringe* in the style of (a) Kingsley Maugham, (b) Somerset Amis, (c) Ivy Murdoch, (d) Iris Compton-Burnett. Suggest a strip-cartoon treatment of *Pride and Prejudice*.

Something of your own? A novel? A play? You'll need characters. Look around and take your pick. The

tuxedo encloses a disintegrated priest; inside the double-breasted with the bulging pockets sits the saintly cop; as for the women, why not select one with a fuller figure and a well strung foundation garment that can be used to accompany a love song or a song of good life?

Settings? A very wide choice indeed. You Are a Camera. Arrange in alphabetical order the sixty-three most uninteresting titles from which your book club entitles you to choose a handsomely bound volume at half the usual cost. Come down to the borough library. Satisfy Mr. Priestley's urge to know where it all happens. Come into the entrance-hall with its glass cases full of recent acquisitions, its wishy-washy posters, and the notices about W.E.A. arrangements for the autumn. Not sad enough? It's been done? Then come outside again and round the corner, past where the patch of grass and the ignoble snapdragons drown in

the diesel fumes beneath the unlovely sun. Turn up the side-street opposite the self-service store. FAT BACON, 2s. 7½d. PER LB. And here it is. The Reading Room, single-storey concrete.

Come on in. Through the swing doors. Into the Newspaper Room, concrete floored and lined with reading stands which support the *Mirror*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Daily Worker*, *Financial Times*, and a three-week-old copy of the *Rhodesia Herald* which contains full results of the S. Rhodesian Egg-Laying Contest and advice to women on how to keep fit by using a contraption which provides all the discomforts and none of the advantages of riding a bicycle. The stands are set at an angle of 55 degrees from the horizontal. Readers are requested to remain vertical. No smoking. No spitting.

It doesn't add up to anything? Significance will be worn a little lower this year. Look inside the papers. The racing results have been pasted over with brown paper. Vertical readers are requested to study the stock-markets. Unemployed persons may care to consider Britain's Chances in the Forthcoming Olympic Games. To Be Held This Year. In Melbourne. There are Appointments Vacant for Plumbers in Egypt.

Not that this was where I was bringing you, not here where one loiters on the way in and on the way out—the escape-hatch from the perforated submarine. And should there not be an air-lock? There would be an air-lock if anyone knew which side the air was. Someone will have to complain to the council. Stand back now and let the gentleman pass. And hurry. Half the people here may be getting ready to write books called *I Lived in a Perforated Submarine*.

But here, in here, through the second set of doors, is the place I wanted you to see. This is where they keep the periodicals. *Encounter between the Spiritual Healer and the Vegetarian*; the *C.T.C. Gazette* separating the *University Correspondent* from *Land and Liberty*. On the tables lie innumerable journals; weekly, monthly, quarterly gleanings: animal, vegetable; musical, mystical; sanitary, nautical; poultry, episcopal; and plain astronomical. Transfixed between



"There's the British farmer for you—never cleared up the broken glass we left last week."

covers, yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, are many voices awaiting your touch to set them free—*Sir, Your correspondent, H. P. Cunlap, in referring to my article on the jib-boom . . . Professor Shemoku is doubtless acquainted with Stubb's work . . . immersing the beak in a solution of permanganate of potash . . . which should surely be a vocation . . . insulting the poet and his readers. Stop here or gently pass.*

There are nine tables, and a hive for the honey-bee or custodian, who sits in the corner and whose function it is to see that no one smokes or sleeps or spits or makes away with the copy of *Our Dogs*. He is dressed in the navy-blue uniform of the Perforated Submarine Service. He sits in a grey eternity beneath an electric clock, husbanding his strength for the rite of the gum and brown paper which daily he performs.

Sit at the middle table, and take your mind off your feet. To your left a student dreams over the pages of the *Autocar*; beyond him an old-age-pensioner regards the *Woman's Journal* through pale, time-washed eyes; and to your right an elementary schoolteacher exposes herself to *Essays in Criticism*: "independent front-suspension" . . . "the country home of Mrs. Snorbury-Legge" . . . "poetry *qua* poetry" . . . The phrases uncurl and drift upwards to the skylight and the weaving blue-bottles. Take your fill, lad. Relax. Absorb. Or, if you've had enough, adjust your schnorkel and step out into the world. No one's stopping you. FAT BACON is still 2s. 7½d. PER LB.



Crushable, Crispable Ther Woman

By STELLA GIBBONS

ONE does tend, I do feel, to identify yourself with Ther Woman in one of those films set in wild places in which she is entirely surrounded by men, and I have been pondering over her problems, not in an unkind superior way but honestly trying to see them as if they were your own.

Her greatest problem is of course solved at once by the fact that she is entirely surrounded by men, and, in the blown-up Western at least, her chief difficulty is the keeping spandy-fresh of that off-the-shoulder blouse and long skirt trimmed with frills and (if she is Miss Jane Russell or Miss

Barbara Stanwyck) that whip and those boots which make up her wardrobe.

Before talkies came in Ther Woman had a large felt hat for twirling in both hands while looking at the ground or at the hero, a shirt blouse in which she unobtrusively swelled and with which she usually wore a tie, and a long full skirt not too well-defined at the waist. This occasionally slipped aside when she was mounting a horse, to reveal a pointed boot and a dainty spur. All we wanted her to do was to keep out of the way, and we did not care how she

looked so long as it was as she always had looked, and did not take our minds off Ther Men, and His Horse.

Taking care of these clothes was simple. You washed the woollen things in home-made soap (except the hat, which you handed to the comic extra to bang sharply against his knee two or three times to rid it of impurities) and hung them up to dry over a lariat borrowed from one of the ranch-hands, slung (the lariat, not the ranch-hand) between two split rails.

Prettily approached, that one among Ther Men who was always potting at things could be persuaded to give you a dab o' b'ar's grease off the b'ar he

brought down a day or so back, and hey presto! the leather section of your togs was like new again.

The spurs were probably kept gleaming and attractive by a brisk scouring with sand, fetched up from the creek by one of the boys.

But to-day Ther Woman does not stay home on the range or even round the corrals, and she goes much farther than a day's ride to the Bar Y. She is dragged off on immense journeys, either with people pursuing her or else accompanying the hero on some boringly masculine objective, such as killing that cheese-livered skunk if it takes my last kick, and usually when you are whisked away you chance to be wearing your flimsiest and most provocative clothes.

Now an off-the-shoulder blouse, such as you nearly always wear in this film, cannot be satisfactorily ironed unless the elastic which gathers it on the shoulders is first removed, and frequent immersions of the garment, with you in it, in rapids, swamps and waterfalls will, by the time it is due for voluntary washing, have moulded the knot which ties the elastic into an excellent substitute for cast-iron. Your little fingers will never undo that, you poor little trembling crittur, and if you want it undone you will simply have to overcome your shrinking and coax the Brutal, Villainous or Faithful Half-Breed to do it for you.

Trouble is, the attitude of the Half-Breed, and indeed of all Ther Men, towards you has changed.

They used to be gruffly indifferent, except for a kind of communal louting low and doffing at you when you stood

six inches behind your father as he confronted the one branded for ever by Mr. John Steinbeck as The Bad Guy. Now I am sorry to have to say that they leer at you, and when the hero has gone off, strongly against the advice of everyone in the party with a grain of common sense, to look for the trail of the cheese-livered skunk, the Half-Breed eyes you.

And the awful thing is that you can't act up too haughty wit de Half-Breed in this film *because he is your only chance to get any help with the laundry.*

His finger-nails, as realistically seen by the director, could unpick anything, and he can also jolly well earn his jerked buffalo thongs, or whatever it is he chews at intervals, by finding you two flat stones to pound your pretties between. This you will do in the shallows of the rapids, they having been first inspected for pot-holes by the Half-Breed, who can then find you two more flat stones for the ironing, and search the shores of the creek for driftwood until he has got enough to get a really good fire going.

Your blouse will come up crispy-fresh under the smooth pressure of the hot stones. Hang petticoats and long pants well in view of audience.

The Half-Breed may snarl at all this. Take no notice; what has he got to do anyway but snarl, drink out of a bottle, and watch with a photogenic look on his face the hero trying to shoot the cheese, etc., in the stomach, and if he has to keep his eyes on the elastic knot instead, so much the better for his development as a social unit.

If you are in a picture with a Faithful Half-Breed he will do your washing for you with a doggy smile on his fat face, and all you will have to dread is that he will sing "Dashing Away With a Smoothing Iron" while he is doing it.

In the African film your clothes-problems will all be connected with escaping from large animals, and this includes the Sullen White Hunter who guides the party.

Something upset him, oh, years ago now, and he has never got over it. Rents in your blouse are what you have to look out for from him, but not until fairly far on in the film when you ought to have laid by a store of native needles and thread; and, properly approached, he will find you a bleached bone with which to scrape the hippopotamus-foam, or whatever it is that

hippopotamuses leave all over you when they have been chasing you and nearly got you, from your white shirt and riding breeches.

By "properly approached" I mean with a brusque, reluctant, broken-down-to-the-dust-by-sheer-necessity-of-having-something-to-scrape-off-this-horrid-hippopotamus-foam manner. Do not try to charm him. Don't, whatever you do, smile. Look away over your shoulder while thanking him. When you have scraped off the foam shake the garment well and hang over a strip of native cloth to dry. Do not try to shake the Sullen White Hunter.

Marks of baboon teeth may be removed from solar topees by gently inserting in the indentation that part of a rifle where the bullet comes out, well heated. Getting the creases out of a shirt when an elephant's trunk has been round it is quite a teaser; I recommend two more flat stones. There are plenty of these lying about in wild places and as they are not public property they may be safely borrowed without infringing the law.

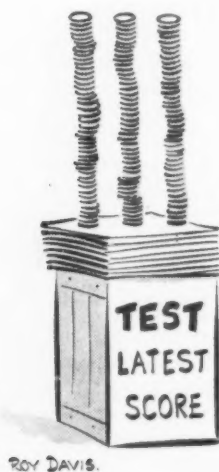
A bath in Africa presents no difficulties. The native women will assist you, in a hut full of dramatic shadows which nevertheless strikes you as so comical that you wave your toes about, which is more than I should do in your circumstances and with what is coming to you a reel or so farther on.

In the Western version of this film Ther Woman sometimes has a bath with the help of the Battered Bad Girls in the local Bad Place, but more often she has it behind a bluff in the shallows, which allows us to get a long shot of her back.

The exception to the rules about keeping fairy-fresh while surrounded by Ther Men and no detergents is of course The Schoolmistress, and she is the one I would truly like to identify myself with.

She comes out to the pioneer town simply crackling with starch and a frail stiff bonnet and an immaculate gingham umbrella and sometimes white gloves as well, and remains just so throughout the film, only changing every few minutes into another prim delicious dress. No being dragged through the swamp in an off-the-shoulder blouse for her.

Perhaps that is why the Americans have made her into a myth.



Unfair to Doctors

By H. F. ELLIS

SMALL wonder that a number of doctors, at the B.M.A. meeting at Brighton last week, argued in favour of a Code of Conduct for patients, with appropriate fines for offenders. If doctors are to be penalized—as indeed they are—for rudeness, failure to turn out at night, careless stitching and a host of other peccadilloes, it seems only right that a modicum of decent behaviour should be demanded, and enforced, from the more loathsome of their patients. The only difficulty is the framing of the Code.

When I spoke to Dr. A. B. about it he was brisk and downright. "Take your own case," he said, pulling down my left underlid with some violence. "You come in here complaining of a vague discomfort. Not anywhere, exactly, but it sort of moves about. And when I ask you whether it is a sharp pain or a dull ache, you say it isn't either really, it's more of a vague discomfort only it seems to have gone now. Last week you had 'a kind of wretched feeling' that came on whenever you leant over sideways and tried to pick up peas from the dining-room carpet without uncrossing your knees, and—let me see—at the beginning of June—"

"Never mind my own case," I suggested. "Keep your answer general."

"Well, there is the kind of person who tells me the diagnosis before I've even begun my examination. I've known them calmly start off by announcing 'A friend of mine had the same thing and it's nothing to do with otitis media apparently; it's simply a post-influenzal condition due to catarrh. So if you'll prescribe—'"

"I didn't," I said. "All I meant was—"

"I'm speaking generally. There is a kind of half-baked assumption of knowledge by a certain type of patient that drives doctors mad. I can only assume they air this bogus knowledge partly to show me they aren't the sort of people who get frightened by the slightest symptom into thinking there is something seriously wrong, and partly to head me off finding that there *is* something seriously wrong. It can hardly be done to impress, or they would take the trouble to get their terms right."

"As a matter of fact," I told him, "on the occasion you seem to be thinking of I could hardly get a word in edgeways because you deliberately held my tongue down with a spoon. For two pins I'd have reported you to the Regional Board for refusing to listen to a coherent statement of my trouble."

"Talking of lengthy rigmaroles full of utterly irrelevant trivialities," Dr. A. B. continued, "a particularly exasperating type of patient, against whom at present the general practitioner has no means of redress, is the one who has, let us say, a sore throat and insists on dragging in at the same consultation a whole host of minor aches and pains, spots on the back and before the eyes, fullness after meals, lack of energy and similar trivia natural and indeed inevitable in a man of his age, sedentary habits and over-indulgence in stimulants."

"Well, upon my word!" I said.

"If I had my way, I'd fine such people a pound for every trumpery little touch of fibrositis they manage to inject, oh so casually, into the consultation. The *time* they waste that might better be spent on the two or three patients, out of the dozen in the waiting-room, that may really need some attention!"

This monstrous misrepresentation of one's perfectly justifiable attempts to give one's medical adviser *all* the facts angered me so much that I confess for a moment I contemplated assault, and actually began to unbutton my coat.

"The pullover as well, please," Dr. A. B. said, "and hitch your shirt right up under your armpits."

In this position, as he had no doubt learnt at Barts, I was quite unable to defend myself.

"But of course the really inexcusable thing," he went on, tapping my chest, "is the attitude adopted by those who used to be private paying patients. They only came over to National Health because, well, *you* know—it might seem a little—might it not? But the old friendly footing must at all costs be retained. Let everything be just the same as if they were paying half-a-guinea a visit, instead of fifteen bob a year. Oh, dear me, yes. You should hear them ringing up about their children.

But of course you have. 'It's about Tony, Dr. B. He had a little bit of a temperature last night, and though he seems much better to-day, I wonder if you could possibly—such a bore to worry you on a Sunday, but you know how it is. Oh, that *is* kind. George Barlow was talking about you only this morning at the golf club. After dinner this evening, then? *Good-bye.*' The old friendly footing! Do you people *never* take your children's temperatures except on Saturday nights?"

"Look here—" I began.

"Cough."

"It is absolutely monstrous—"

"Again."

"You have deliberately misunderstood," I said, as soon as I could get my shirt down, "the nature of the complaints made at the B.M.A. meeting. You know very well that it was—well, without being snobbish, quite a different class of patient from whom doctors, quite rightly in my opinion, were demanding a Code of Conduct. What I'm asking you is whether you do not agree that something should be done to restrain the kind of people who treat their doctor as if he was a hired menial, make constant demands for medicine, state loudly in the waiting-room 'Well, they're paid for it, aren't they?' ring up at all hours of the day and night, and generally behave with a lack of ordinary—"

"Oh, those," he said, handing me a prescription for the pain I get down the calf of my right leg whenever I rest it against the edge of my desk. "One has no right to expect *them* to know any better."



Everlastings

Tarzan of the Apes : Edgar Rice Burroughs

I HAD this from one who had no right to tell it; and so I tell it to you, only changing the names.

On a bright May morning of 1888 (according to the files of the Colonial Office) John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife, sailed from Dover to West Africa on a delicate mission.

There they vanished from the eyes and knowledge of men.

A mutiny had broken out: amid a volley of dreadful oaths they were put on shore, and now for many long months had been living in a tree cabin.

A child was born.

Then Lady Alice passed away quietly in the night.

"My little son is crying for nourishment," wrote John Clayton in his diary, "what shall I do?"

For answer the door burst open and three huge bull apes hastened to crush him, while a she-ape darted in and seized the wailing infant, deftly substituting for it her own dead babe.

And so began the adventures of this changeling which were to astonish the jungle and the whole civilized world.

II
Tenderly Kala nursed her little waif, defending him from all harm.

"Fine sort of ape he'll turn out," growled her husband. "Let us leave him in the long grasses, and you will bear better and stronger children."

"Never, Broken Nose! If I must carry him for ever, so be it."

At ten, though no match for his fellows, Tarzan—as he was called—could spring twenty feet across dizzy space in the tree-tops.

He constructed a lasso with which he made Broken Nose's life a living nightmare.

Then Tarzan discovered the old tree cabin with its grim relics. He found a sharp hunting knife, and no sooner had he done so than a gorilla was upon him, and in a brief second he had learned the use of that sharp and shining toy.

Then he set to work to learn English.

III
The moon rose, and the drum beat. Huge fierce brutes stopped in their hunting, with up-pricked ears and raised heads, to listen to the dull

booming that betokened the Dum-Dum of the apes.

The wild dance round a battered victim was ending. They fell to, and Tarzan—who, coming of a long line of meat-eaters, needed the flesh more than they—sliced off a generous portion.

This had not escaped the notice of his foster-father, chewing on the outskirts. His little red eyes shot gleams of hate. Suddenly he went mad, and sprang after Tarzan, sinking his fangs into a dozen tiny necks and tearing great pieces out of the breasts and backs of all who opposed him.

Kala stood in his way. The awful Tublat was upon her, but not before Tarzan had leapt and struck. A muscular hand seized the hairy throat, and like repeated lightning the keen blade plunged. Then placing a foot on the neck of his vanquished foster-parent he cried "I am Tarzan, a great killer. Let all respect Tarzan of the Apes and Kala, his mother. There be none among you so mighty. Beware!"

And the young Lord Greystoke, then in his thirteenth year, beat upon his mighty breast and screamed out his shrill defiance. Kerchak, the king, regarded him with gloomy bloodshot eyes. His turn would come.

IV
It did, in a conflict that will not be quickly forgotten.

There were some who resented Tarzan, including his foster-brother Terkoz. He found Terkoz, one afternoon, grasping an old female by her white hair and unmercifully beating her. "Desist," he said. The other insolently refused. They grappled.

This time he dropped his knife. But Divine Reason came to his aid. Wriggling round behind his adversary he executed a half-Nelson, and a few moments later the great bull neck was creaking beneath a full-Nelson.

"Ka-goda?" he hissed; which means "Do you surrender?"

"Huh," said the ape.

"You have seen to-day," he called out to the whole tribe, "that Tarzan of the Apes is the greatest among you!"



"Stalin wasn't as black as he's painted—pass it on."

"Huh," they replied, with one voice.
 "Tarzan is great."

"But," he continued, "Tarzan is not as you are. He must leave you to seek after his own kind."

And turning on his heel he set off for the tree cabin and the study of loops and pothooks.

V

Others had been there before him. The place had been ransacked, books and pencils strewn the floor.

He put up a notice:

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN THE KILLER. DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICH ARE TARZAN'S. TARZAN WATCHES. TARZAN OF THE APES.

VI

He was watching from a high tree, and saw various murderous characters, then a young man and a beautiful girl. The young man was as a matter of fact his cousin, the presumptive Lord Greystoke, and there had been the usual mutiny. Volleys of dreadful oaths resounded, one man shot another: this was new to Tarzan, and he was interested.

But the girl interested him even more. He found her about to be devoured by Sabor the lioness, and executed on Sabor his full-Nelson. Then he shrieked and fled.

"What in God's name," asked Miss Jane Porter, at last opening her eyes, "was that?"

"The cry of the kill," came the answer, "from the man who has just saved your life—if it was a man."

VII

Tarzan soon got his second chance. This time it was Terkoz—old Terkoz whom he had spared!—carrying her off under his arm.

In a twinkling the long knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz's heart's blood, and it was a primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him.

And Tarzan?

He did what no red-blooded man—or blue-blooded for that matter—needs lessons in doing. He took his woman in his arms and smothered with kisses her upturned, panting lips.

For a moment—the first in her young life—Miss Porter knew the meaning of love.

Then she remembered she was engaged. She pushed Tarzan away.



"Right. Now let's see some American service . . . Windscreen!"

He did not understand. But that night he slept at her feet, while beside her lay the long clean knife.

VIII

Of course, though he could read and write, he couldn't speak or understand English; but either from instinct or the novels he had read, every syllable of love was his.

He gave her a locket, and when she dropped him a smiling curtsey, stooped gravely like some courtier of old, pressing his lips to her hand. Now, in every fibre of his being, heredity spoke louder than upbringing. Gently, reverently, with unnecessary pauses for

rest, he sped through the tree-tops carrying his precious burden.

IX

And there they would still be soaring into the sunset if complication and sequel were not the rule of the jungle also. They had to come back. She must pledge herself to another, because of a father's helpless debt. He must go to America, and rescue her once more (from a forest fire), and renounce her, and renounce his title, and return . . . Read on, read on, read on; for there are adventures yet to bring a new light to the eye of Tantor the Elephant.

G. W. STONIER



NINETY-five noble Lords this time voted for the abolition of capital punishment as opposed to only twenty-eight eight years ago. Eight years ago only one bishop voted for abolition; this time only one voted against. The phalanx of the judges was no longer solid. Lord Brabazon, Lord Russell and the Bishop of Exeter proclaimed themselves converts. Lord Dowding announced that "discarnate spirits" enter in "the aura of living persons." To him the trouble about capital punishment was that it did not kill.

Yet, of course, we cannot count all the ninety-eight "contents" as out-and-out abolitionists. Many—most notably the Archbishop of Canterbury—were explicitly not so, but thought the bill should be given a second reading and then modified and amended in committee. The Archbishop's purpose was to get a bill which would have the moral authority of general acceptance. It was a worthy ambition, but His Grace seemed to show something less than his usual tactical astuteness. It was fairly obvious that, though all Lords agreed that the bill should be amended, there

was no sort of agreement between, say, Lord Goddard and the Archbishop which amendments would be acceptable, and there would have been many tussles on the floor of the Lords before the amendments were settled.

The action of the Lords is, in the long run, likely to be of service to the cause of abolition. Few now doubt that hanging is on the way out, but this short delay will make it impossible for retentionists to say that the bill went through without a time for second thoughts. The debate itself ran along the familiar line of "hunch *versus* facts." Whatever play may be made with this or that extracted sentence, no one can seriously dispute Lord Pakenham's contention that the general trend of the Commission's statistics is overwhelmingly in favour of the contention that capital punishment is not an uniquely effective deterrent, and if that is so, the rhetoric of Lord Goddard, Lord Webb-Johnson and Lord Teynham about the horror of murders—which no one denies—is irrelevant. The question is not Are murders horrible? but Under what system are there likely to be the fewest murders?

The retentionists opposed to the Commission's statistics what Lord Stansgate called a "hunch." They argued, "I cannot help what the statistics seem to show. I know that I should not care to be hanged, and nothing is going to persuade me that hanging is not a deterrent." The trouble with the "hunch" argument is that it has been employed at every step along the road of penal reform, and had it been listened to we should never have any reform at all.

The strongest statistic on the retentionist side is that we have fewer



murders than other countries. Both Lord Kilmuir and Lord Conesford made use of it. But Scottish peers were entitled to claim that it all depends on what we mean by "we." Lord Keith, Lord Craigmyle and Lord Haddington, in particularly able speeches, pointed out that Scotland had both fewer murders and fewer hangings than England and that on this argument we should at least assimilate the law of England to that of Scotland.

The debate was enlivened not only by the calculated breeziness of young Lord Stansgate but also by a couple of gorgeous impromptus. There is always something vaguely comic about any speech by Lord Waverley. It is a compensation of Providence that no one can be quite so humourless without being uproariously funny to other people, and it was an exquisite turn when Lord Craigmyle started speaking under the wholly false impression that Lord Waverley had finished. "No, pray, sir," Dr. Johnson would have said, "let the dears both speak it at once, more noise will by that means be made and the noise will be sooner over." But the high spot of the debate was when Lord Pakenham professed to have discovered a difference of opinion about retribution between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The two most reverend prelates, seated side by side in their robes, both leapt to their feet like a couple of ecclesiastical jacks-in-a-box. For one glorious moment we lived in hope that, like B. and K., they were going to shout one another down, but, alas, the good manners of the Lambeth Walk prevailed, and the Kindly Headmaster even gave way and allowed the Favourite Pupil to give the answer.

What the debate did clearly prove is this. People affirm or deny a change in public opinion. What change there has been in the proportion of the population that is out-and-out abolitionist is debatable. But what is quite certain and remarkable is the total change over quite a short time in the arguments of those who are opposed to abolition. One has only to compare the debates of 1948 with the present to see this. Then the general argument was that the law as it stood was very well. To-day in all these debates there has not been a single speaker in either House who has not agreed that the present law of murder is intolerable and must be amended. And yet it was only a few months ago, just before Mr. Silverman brought in his bill, that Mr. Lloyd George announced that the Government could not bring in any amending legislation.

There is a strange rumour going about the corridors of Westminster that Mr. Khrushchev was sober at the time of his famous dinner with the Labour party. Of this, we believe, there is no confirmation whatsoever. On May 5 the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary are to renew their conversations with the Soviet Leaders. But who by then will be the Soviet leaders and who will be the Prime Minister is quite another question.

Let us leave the Finance Bill with one quotation.

Mr. Harold Wilson: My right hon. and learned friend [Sir Hartley Shawcross] was not speaking as a Member of the House of Commons and certainly not in his capacity as a Member of the Labour Party. He was speaking as Chairman of what must, within the context of this debate, be regarded as a pressure group.

Then on Thursday a row about Cyprus, of which we shall hear more next week. It culminated in Major Legge-Bourke accusing Mr. Gaitskell of "treason" for his suggestion that the Government's policy was responsible for outrages in Cyprus. Mr. Gaitskell's remark may have been true or false, wise or unwise, but at least it is difficult to see how it was treasonable. Anyway the Speaker would not stand for that and Major Legge-Bourke withdrew.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?

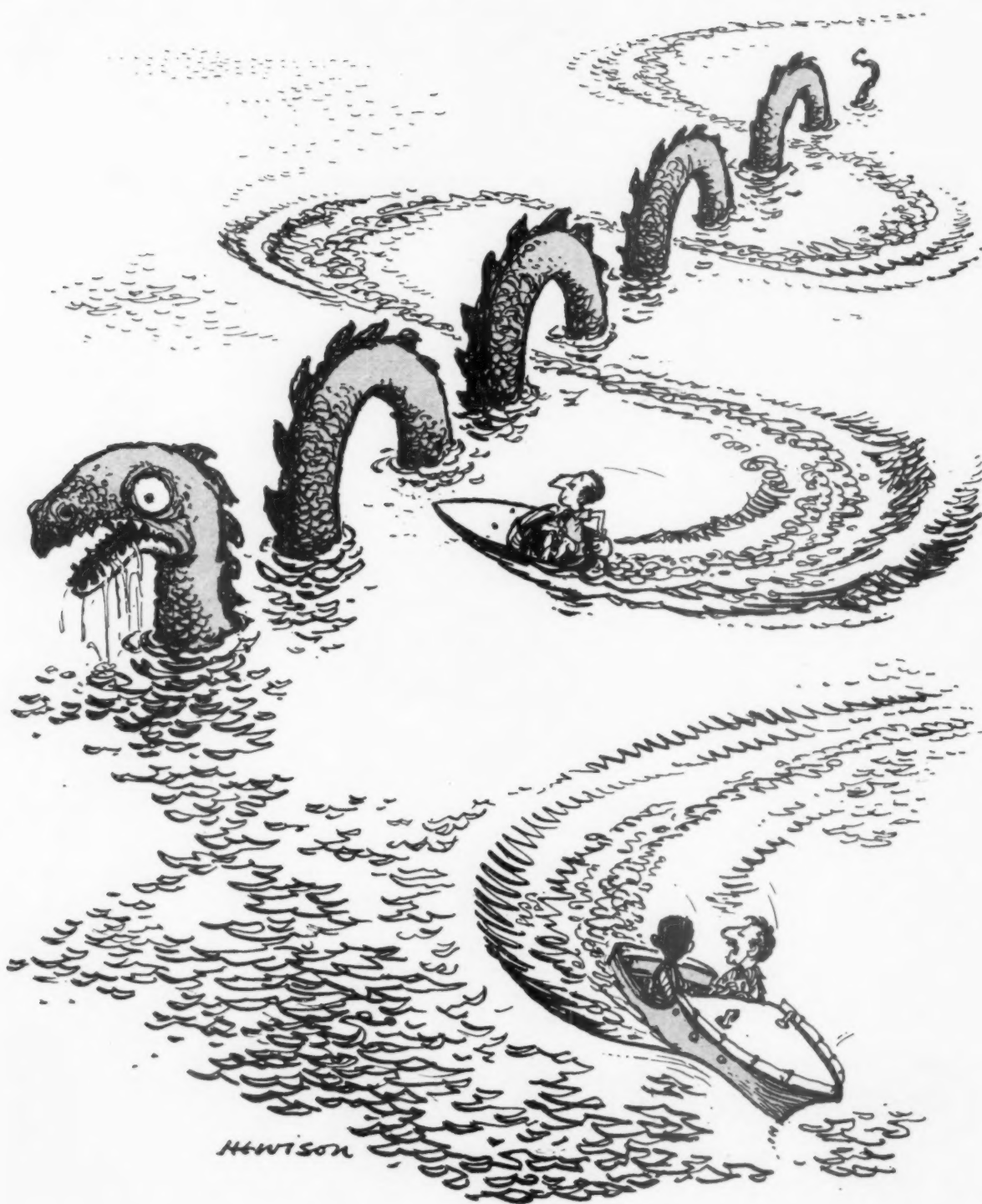
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

On the Westminster Wage Freeze there was not as much excitement as had been expected, for every one knew that nothing was going to be done. The Prime Minister pleaded that this should not be considered as a party question, but all the same the whips must be on. Mr. Leslie Hale compared him to a man who had been found guilty of patricide and matricide and begged for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan.

At least the threat of inflation has done one good thing. In spite of Mr. Duncan Sandys the other day, in spite of Lord Munster's tart defence of Battersea Tower against Lord Conesford in Wednesday's Lords, Mr. Macmillan has turned on his colleagues and the Tower is out. It is a great triumph for Lord Conesford and the Fine Arts Commission, but honour where honour is due. Let us note that the last word on their side was a quiet little sentence from Lord Attlee. The Earl spoke and the Walls of Jericho fell—or at least omitted to rise.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





"I feel there's a slight touch of ostentation about Witherspoon."

In the City



Monetary or Managed

FOR twenty years the British economy was governed by physical controls, by licensing, allocations and a full panoply of restrictive and permissive edicts. The system worked reasonably well so long as the objectives of economic policy were perfectly clear. When a government knows without any shadow of doubt what is best for an industrial democracy—that is, when the democratic decision can be predicted with certainty—then it is reasonable to substitute speedy physical control for the prodding, coaxing determinism of monetary mechanics. In time of war and desperate crisis there is no time for financial finesse.

When the Conservatives came to power this country had struggled through a terrible and destructive war and painful reconstruction between the shafts and under the whip of an economic dictatorship. For six years we preferred guns to margarine, and for five years more we preferred margarine to butter. But with Sir Winston Churchill's return to office we looked for more flexibility in the pattern of industrial activity, and it was hoped that the instruments of monetary policy, wisely handled, would steer our productive resources into the most useful and therefore most profitable channels. Manipulation of Bank Rate (and its satellite interest rates) would once again determine the amount of real saving by the community, and the machinations of the authorities, the Bank and the Treasury, would control the lending powers of the banks and squeeze or swell the volume of credit according to the nation's need.

The reinstatement of monetary policy has not so far delivered the goods. We are still puffed by inflation, we are still in the shadow of the trade gap, and our industrial redeployment is still dangerously tentative and inadequate. It is

not therefore surprising that faith in the automatic working of financial mechanisms should be on the wane, that critics of Left and Right, from union leaders to Sir Robert Boothby, should have decided that the monetary weapon is out-of-date.

The old guard insist that the weapon is still all-powerful. True, they say, the authorities are taking a long time to brush up their operational procedure, but pretty soon now they will have it off pat and be going great guns. Mr. Macmillan, on the other hand, seems to have decided that Bank Rate at 5½ per cent is not all the armament he needs: he is prepared to employ other tactics—new import controls, licensing of building, stiffer control of capital issues, and so on—to keep the economy in condition.

"Mammon" believes that the Chancellor is right. Monetary policy worked

admirably in the past when the economy responded to minute incentives and disincentives and internal finances were obedient to the dictates of Bank Rate and open market operations. They are so no longer. When income tax is inflated higher interest rates are less powerful as a restraining influence. When inflationary pressure is an instrument of social revolution it cannot be relieved by automatic control of the banks' liquid reserves. When purchasing power is guaranteed by the Welfare State hand-out and planned unemployment is unthinkable the coercive power of the Treasury's nicely calculated less or more becomes largely ineffective.

It seems that we are being driven to adopt a managed economy—with all its ancillary threats to our cherished notions of free society. How can we avoid it?

MAMMON

In the Country



The Dearer the Cheaper

IT is nothing less than a blessing to be entirely ignorant in some subjects. Happily I know nothing of medicine, less of dentistry; if I did I would probably become a hypochondriac. I find I can get along all right, though completely illiterate on such matters as astronomy and trigonometry. And my furtive reading of the *Decameron* when I should have been learning Boyle's or Ohm's Law has stood me in good stead. But I do wish that somebody had taught me something about economics. Most of us in the country are feeling equally rueful about that. It's not that we've been caught on the wrong foot; we haven't got a leg left to stand on.

Our trouble is that we took our grandfathers' advice: in time of inflation invest in buildings and land. And as a result of following Adam Smith we now find ourselves in Carey Street. Although the cost of building goes up, the value of buildings goes down. How is that? There are a dozen houses and cottages around me for sale now at

one quarter of their replacement cost. A good cottage can be bought for £600, while the Rural District Council are still building houses with similar accommodation for £2,400. As to farms, they have depreciated 40 per cent during the last five years although every other commodity has risen in value. Most farmers are having to write down their capital. In other words we find on balance that for the last ten years we've worked for nothing.

I can understand that the law of supply and demand operates when it comes to cottages. If there are too many houses available obviously their value falls whatever they cost to build. But that cannot apply to farms: you cannot build land or fertility. There are not more farms than there were ten years ago. In fact we've lost thousands of acres to building, roads, aerodromes, etc. And at the same time the demand for food has risen. Yet, nevertheless, the price of fields and farms continues to fall, and had been doing so long before the credit squeeze was instituted. One would have thought that in a time of inflation, when savings and paper currency depreciate every month, the investor would have turned to land. But he does not.

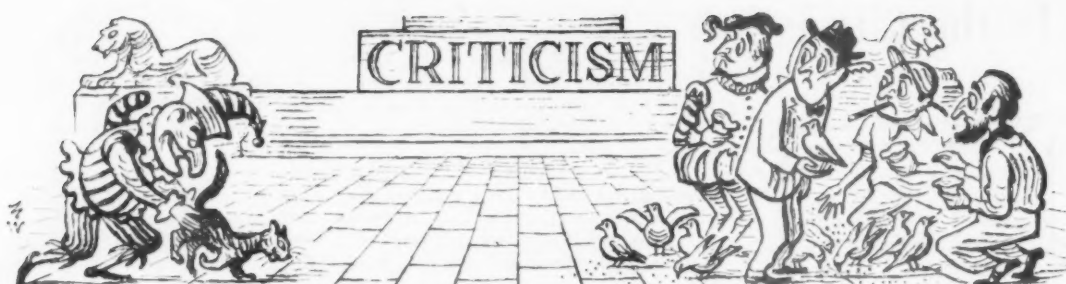
RONALD DUNCAN

"HOW TO WIN £10 A WEEK FOR LIFE!"

The new Express contest . . . with a prize to take your breath away."

Headline in Daily Express

Thought there must be a snag somewhere.



BOOKING OFFICE Mixed-up Welfare Kid

Time and Place. George Scott. *Staple*, 16/-

MR. GEORGE SCOTT is Editor of *Truth*, and has now, at the age of thirty, written his autobiography. This is a daring thing to do. Inevitably, it involves putting on record half-digested thoughts, convictions and experiences. The more devious, and safer, way is to write a novel. Then, under attack, one can pass off as fiction what it is inconvenient to admit as fact. The meditations of the hero provide a convenient rag-bag for one's own uncertainties, grievances and desires. And if, as is almost bound to happen, some reviewer calls it "a slice of life," so much the better.

An essential ingredient in an autobiography is some sort of hard-luck story. It is rare for a human being to admit, at any rate autobiographically, that he has been fortunate. Such an admission implies that he must have been happy, in which case why write an autobiography at all? Self-pity, particularly to the young, is the most available of all emotions—a quenchless well into which the ego drops its poor bucket, never in vain.

Mr. Scott's childhood circumstances were modest without being penurious. His father was an insurance man who went from door to door persuading Middlesbrough housewives that they would be well-advised to insure against misfortunes which, in the context of the economic depression of the early 'thirties, he easily made present to them.

Mr. Scott thus grew up in that no-man's-land between the lower-middle and working classes (terms now almost archaic) which has proved so fertile in talent and ability. He played in the streets, but he went to a secondary school; his early amours were conducted in lanes and doorways, but he lived to imbibe Third Programme culture at the feet of Lord David Cecil; with the words of his father's adroit persuasion still

ringing in his ears, he found himself travelling across Canada with Lord Beaverbrook, and hobnobbing with intelligentsia top brass like Mr. Stephen Spender and Mr. John Lehmann.

He has been, in fact (as he readily admits), a major beneficiary under the Welfare State. It has showered its blessings upon him but not thereby won

Mitford's offerings greedily gulps them. His intention, in so far as one can grasp it, is, as it were, to attempt a take-over bid with a view to acquiring control of the Welfare State, and then a hideous doubt seizes him as to whether the property may not be over-, not under-valued. He, too, has climbed the ladder rung by rung, but how wearisome and unrewarding the climb if, from his point of view, it rests on no promising window-sill! Wealth?—the Inland Revenue men prevent it from being accumulated. Rank?—it has become derisory. Power?—in the light of Earl Attlee and Sir Anthony Eden it seems unalluring. Fame?—Wilfred Pickles has it, so who else wants it?

The moral of *Time and Place* (in so far as there is a moral) is that the appetite for glittering prizes remains, but they do not glitter. They are like those prizes for seaside pier hoop-la contests; on closer inspection they prove to be mere bric-à-brac. A managerial-welfare society has little to offer to the romantically ambitious like Mr. Scott—at best, stares in a crowded street; expansive desk space and expense account feasts; the murmur of innumerable fees. M. M.



Distinction, not Detection

The Secret River. C. H. B. Kitchin. *Secker and Warburg*, 16/-

The central figure of Mr. Kitchin's most ambitious novel to date is Harriet Ashworth ("a study in self-abnegation") whose devotion to her wayward, ego-centric mother—Lady Martrenne, by her second marriage to a titled general—who, on her own admission, would sell her soul, and also her daughter's, for a mushroom omelet, leads almost to a wasted life, and raises the question of how far filial duty may be carried without coming under the heading of soul-suicide. The background encompasses many facets of Great Britain, both urban and pastoral, during the last two decades; includes a sojourn in Southern France (where Lady Martrenne is discovered

his esteem; it has taken the bloom off his hard-luck story without ridding him of a sense of having been hardly treated. He remains, that is to say, dissatisfied; and it is this dissatisfaction of his—rather angry and petulant at times, and not always coherent—which provides the basic theme and interest of his autobiography. A hungry sheep, he looked up and was fed. The meal, however, has proved indigestible. Why?

No clear answer is provided in *Time and Place*. Mr. Scott tells us what he dislikes, but not what he wants. He resents (and who shall blame him?) having to scribble on the top of a washing-machine; like so many of his generation he is tormented by class-consciousness, and while scorning Miss

cheating at the gaming-tables); and the atmosphere of period-change is adroitly conveyed throughout, though such sentences as "I didn't think much of 1930, did you? We've still got the Labour Government and the slump," etc., are unavoidable, unfortunately, in this type of novel. The author's shrewd sense of social distinctions is apparent all through; his dialogue admirably suggests the passing of the various epochs spanned by the story, and here and there a subtle humorous touch, or a soupçon of the sinister, will recall to the reader those extraordinarily individual detective-stories, *Death of My Aunt* and *The Cornish Fox*, whose successors we eagerly await.

J. M.-R.

My Dog Tulip. J. R. Ackerley. *Secker and Warburg*, 10/6

This oddity describes an obsession. With its prim statement of an attitude, its careful descriptive prose, its absorbed interest in observation, it makes a little classic that is not only very entertaining but has some scientific interest. Mr. Ackerley watches his Alsatian, and himself in relation to his Alsatian, with the mannered fascination of a seventeenth-century gentleman examining his humours while noting the discrimination of lightning among the trees of his park.

This is the first highbrow dog-book ever written, highbrow not in the sense of relating the keeping of a dog to general theory, but of striking the note of the solemn highbrow joke that is essentially serious. It will, one hopes, infuriate the stupid dog-lover. It may make non-owners queasy by its scatological and gynæcological detail, for it is, among other things, a beautiful plea for the understanding of the sexual nature of bitches. It will be as indestructible as Mr. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday*.

R. G. G. P.

Marianne Thornton. E. M. Forster *Arnold*, 21/-

"I pray God to preserve dear Henry from the contagious atmosphere of Cambridge," wrote his sister Marianne

in 1818, reflecting the eager apprehensions of the Clapham Sect, that odd oasis of piety that flourished side by side with Prinny. Her father—banker, M.P., and friend of Wilberforce and the Macaulays—lived in a country mansion at Battersea, where he reared a prototype Victorian family; but although the theatre was sin, and death a very black-edged visitor, a certain Georgian freedom survived. Fun went with earnestness, and there was no whaleboned snobbery. Marianne remained single, keeping house for her brother until he dared to marry his deceased wife's sister. When she died in 1887 she was the benevolent autocrat of a growing clan which included her great-nephew, E. M. Forster.

Shrewd and witty, she wrote prolific letters, and from these and other family papers Mr. Forster has compiled a memorable biography, fascinating as domestic social history and giving, towards the end, a charming account of his own childhood.

E. O. D. K.

A Word Carved on a Sill. John Wain. *Routledge*, 10/6

For those who have read only Mr. Wain's interesting, brash, uncertain novels these will be surprising poems, marked as they are by delicacy, elegance, and a verbal ingenuity that is for the most part beautifully controlled. Most of the poems are constructed in the tight verse forms used by Mr. Empson, but in feeling and expression they are far removed from Empsonian crossword puzzles. In the best of them the rigid form is essential. Poems like "When It Comes," "Villanelle: For Harpo Marx" ("The clown may speak what silent Hamlet knows"), and "The Last Time" gain much of their emotional weight from the repetition of lines and phrases. In other poems, like that on the publication of Boswell's *Journal* or the poem "Feigned to have been Written by an Electronic Brain," ironic humour is employed in a way that recalls Mr. John Crowe Ransom or Mr. Robert Graves. These names are not mentioned as influences but for reasonable comparison. Mr. Wain is an original poet who writes with great assurance inside what is at present a rather narrow emotional and technical range.

J. S.

The Struggle With the Angels. Adam de Hegedus. *Wingate*, 13/6

This posthumously published novel is as readable as most of its author's work. It was suggested by the Hungarian adventures of the first Lord Rothermere but it is not an historical novel and completely departs from the facts. The narrator is a young journalist and minor diplomatic employee who is taken on by a newspaper proprietor as his personal translator. The elaborate framework with which the novel opens is dull, but fortunately it is discarded after a few chapters. What lives is the pressure of intrigue on detail. Whenever the telephone



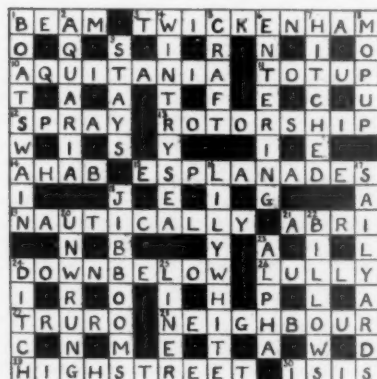
rings, and it is always ringing, it may be a reporter from Hungary or an emissary of the legitimists or the tycoon's private life or it may be success or disaster. The reader remains expectant. The excitement with which the Hungarian masses welcome the support of an influential Englishman for revision of the Treaty of Trianon is rapidly canalized by politicians; the offer of the Crown turns out to be influenced by crooks. This is a lightweight political romance, not a fictional analysis of modern history; it can still raise questions.

R. G. G. P.

Escape from Germany. Aidan Crawley. *Collins*, 16/-

Airmen flying over enemy territory were aware of possible methods of evading capture. Many fewer would have become prisoners had they been able to exercise the same ingenuity during the first hours of capture that they displayed after finding themselves behind barbed wire. Immediately after the last war Mr. Crawley was asked by the Historical Section of the Air Ministry to write the official history of escapes made by R.A.F. personnel from prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. This abbreviated version of that record is still a dissertation rather than an attempt at dramatic narrative. He shows that escape is not only a duty but such an obsession that necessity becomes the mother of ingenuity to make possible the means of escape. It is a sombre fact that so much labour was abortive, as fewer than thirty escapees reached this country. Much of the material in this book has been the subject matter of other books and is therefore familiar.

A. V.



Solution to last week's crossword



AT THE PLAY

The Romanticks
(REGENT'S PARK)

IT is worth going a long way to see Robert Atkins and Russell Thorndike kissing—in full President of the Republic fashion, both cheeks—on top of a wall. And it is certainly worth going to Regent's Park to see the Open Air Theatre's charming revival of Rostand's *The Romanticks*, a play which inserts a bright new pin in the shiny balloon of the poets' idea of young love. Unless nature has endowed us with an excess of mental sugar we have all suffered from calf-lovers on the stage. Even Romeo has uncomfortable moments, and one feels a warm sense of gratitude to Rostand for the grace and wit of his mockery. He could be appallingly sentimental himself, as at the end of *Cyrano*, but here he is consistently on our side. It is a refreshing experience.

His lovers are young, silly and much given to the more buoyant cardiac phrases. Their flame burns ardently in secret, fanned by the displeasure of their warring fathers, a Montague resembling Dr. Johnson and a Capulet twin-brother to the Carpenter, who spend their days growling portly across the wall separating their estates. But the real secret is that all this is an oblique plan by two cunning old friends longing to unite

their children. They hire a professional abductor, so that (in a scene of pure Anouilh) the boy can gloriously rescue the girl from an unspeakable fate. Then everything goes wrong. Once the affair is in the open, and smiled on, it wilts; so does the friendship of the fathers, who combine houses and are quickly bored to death with one another. The bill for the abduction (sedan-chair extra) is discovered; the boy dashes abroad to play Don Juan; the girl moulders at home. Do not despair, however. Rostand was writing a comedy, and the hired desperado has a heart as noble as his mustachios. He knows exactly what to do, when the boy returns in dusty disillusion. At the end everyone is happy.

With all its action in a garden the play is a natural for this stage, and Mr. Atkins' lively production makes the fullest use of all the bushy exits. He and Mr. Thorndike are delightful in the comedy of the fathers, at its richest when they sit down in misery to mourn the lost joys of their mock battle. Rosemary Wallace and Bernard Brown switch the lovers' moods adroitly, and Alan Judd is the very man to offer a graded tariff for eight different styles of abduction.

Are foreign visitors being told enough about the Open Air Theatre, which surprises me by its beauty each time I go to it? Its acoustics are excellent, its deck-chairs ten times more comfortable

than a stall. Paris has nothing like it, nor, so far as I know, has New York. I hope that in the heat of inciting the Americans to ancestor-worship the Travel Association has not forgotten this uncommon magnet in Regent's Park.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
With thunder about, try *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56), and *La Plume de ma Tante* (Garrick—9/11/55). And if crime is wanted, *Night of the Fourth* (11/7/56), guaranteed to baffle.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE BALLET

Homage to a Princess
(FESTIVAL HALL)

A REMARKABLE phenomenon of the ballet-world of the Metropolis is the power of London's Festival Ballet to command a nightly audience of some three thousand enthusiastic if somewhat indiscriminating persons. On the Ballets' return to London last week, under the auspices of the London County Council, the Festival Hall on South Bank was filled to capacity with a vast audience which revealed few familiar ballet-going faces. Clearly Mr. Anton Dolin has his own legions of admirers.

In spite of insurmountable difficulties, imposed by the shallow, improvised stage and rudimentary lighting, his company gave an impressive notion of what they might achieve under more favourable conditions. In *Les Sylphides*, with which the programme opened, the *corps de ballet* contributed no less than the principals to the total suggestion of grace and elegance, though all concerned were, doubtless, affected by the slow tempo of Geoffrey Corbett's conducting of the Chopin music.

The company did even better with *Études*, Herald Lander's ballet to music based by Knudge Riisager on Czerny's piano exercises. But its resources did not enable it to attain to the full the exciting crescendo which brings the work depicting dancers' progress from beginner to ballerina, to its thrilling climax of virtuosity.

Not seen before in London was *Homage to a Princess*, a ballet "in five movements," by Michael Charnley to music by Stan Kenton. This is the work some fifteen minutes long which graced the recent wedding festivities in Monaco. To transplant such a *pièce d'occasion* from the atmosphere of the Mediterranean to that of London River was obviously hazardous, but the audience made it abundantly clear that hostages were well given to fortune.

The piece is an abstract affair of appropriate light-heartedness which attempts little in the way of formal pattern and is even careless of beauty of scene and dresses. The costumes by André Lavasseur seem unduly harsh in



Bergamin—ROBERT ATKINS

Pasquinot—RUSSELL THORNDIKE

[*The Romanticks*]

colour and hard of line without the touch of romantic charm one might expect for such an occasion. Mr. Charnley, without undue striving after originality, holds attention agreeably with his pronounced accent on youthful high spirits. His choreography allows a few moments of lyrical beauty in a *pas de deux* danced with an infectious air of enjoyment by Belinda Wright and John Gilpin.

Mr. Kenton's music aspires suitably to romantic sweetness but its continuous undercurrent of percussive jazzery produces an unfortunate hint of conflict rather than the harmony which it was designed to celebrate.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Reach for the Sky
The Revolt of Mamie Stover

SOME reviewers seem to be of the opinion that *Reach for the Sky* (Director: Lewis Gilbert) presents a character "in the round," that it makes an individual and convincing figure of its hero Douglas Bader. One can only give a personal view about such points as this—it is sometimes, in fact nearly always, forgotten that they are not capable of absolute proof one way or the other—but I have to say that for me the portrait, as a portrait, didn't come off. It remained Kenneth More playing the part of a man of very great vitality and extreme determination; for me, the incidents designed to display these qualities and the appearance and manner and speech of Mr. More did not combine to produce a new, unique individual.

Perhaps it is a law, like a law of nature, that there is only so much "life" available for any given character: an invented, totally fictitious one can have the whole allotment, but one founded on a real and still living person must have none whatever—because the real person, the original, has it all.

This picture straightforwardly tells the story, from Paul Brickhill's book, that is known in essentials to most people—the story of the R.A.F. pilot who refused to be "grounded" by the loss of both legs in a crash, and by sheer fanatical determination got back into the air with "tin legs" to become a legendary hero of the war. We see Bader from his earliest days as a cadet at Cranwell (indulgent laughs for ragging and other lightheartedness), we see the fatal crash, which was apparently the result of a sort of school-boy "dare," and we watch his grindingly slow progress as he learns, with many discouraging setbacks, to use his artificial legs. Here is really the point of the film; the war, and the Battle of Britain, and his later capture by the Germans, and his escape and recapture—all this comes almost as anticlimax. (It is still more anti-climactic when an off-screen narrator has to say "He escaped twice more"; but the film lasts two and a quarter hours as



[*Reach for the Sky*

Squadron-Leader Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C.—KENNETH MORE

it is, there simply isn't time for everything.)

It is an inspiring and impressive story, but only—this is its weakness—because one knows it to be true. The loud applause from the audience at the press show was, I should say, for the facts: they felt they were applauding Bader himself. As it happens, the film is quite well done—but the applause would have been just as loud if it weren't.

I gather that *The Revolt of Mamie Stover* (Director: Raoul Walsh) weakens the idea of the novel by William Bradford Huie on which it is based, but the film is quite strong and effective entertainment, even though one can recognize its "hokum" ingredients. Jane Russell appears as Mamie, whom we first see being ejected, early in 1941, from San Francisco, where the police find her presence undesirable. She is put on to a freighter for Honolulu, the only other passenger being a personable novelist (Richard Egan), in whom she confides. She has had a hard life since she won a beauty contest and left Leesburg, Mississippi; and her consuming ambition is to make a lot of money and "get to go home and look down on all those people" who were once snooty to her.

The novelist lives in Honolulu, and when she gets a job as one of the "Twenty Beautiful Hostesses" at a dance-hall there ("a respectable place," says the steely-eyed madam: "We sell drinks, and dances, and social entertainment") he continues to take an interest in her. This interest ripens, and by the time of Pearl Harbour she has promised to give

up the dance-hall and wait to marry him when he leaves the Army after the war; but, too keen to make money, she is tempted back to become "Flaming Mamie," pin-up of the G.I.s. He hears about this, and the marriage is off.

There is an attempt to soften Mamie's character with a touch of pathos: her anxious efforts to raise her social standing by learning to play golf, and so forth... And Miss Russell plays her very well. But the ending, which has her giving away all the money she has so graspingly acquired and going home to Leesburg with nothing at all to enable her to look down on all those people, doesn't convince.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is a thoroughly enjoyable new one called *Wedding Breakfast*; more about it next week. In the same programme as the French version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which, though like all the French films we see here it has good points, I can't recommend, is that twenty-two-minute American short which is already a little classic, *A Time Out of War*; *Grisbi* or *Honour Among Thieves* (27/6/56) continues; and—unimportant, but entertaining—*Trapeze* (11/7/56) and *Foreign Intrigue* (11/7/56).

Best of the new releases is *Pacific Destiny* (13/6/56), misleadingly titled, attractive adaptation of Sir Arthur Grimble's book *A Pattern of Islands*. Good fun in the science-fiction department: *Forbidden Planet* (20/6/56).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Talk and Small Talk

BENNY W. LEVY's play *Return to Tyassi* takes a long time to warm up, and I imagine that many viewers were impelled to switch off before Harold Clayton's TV production (B.B.C.) had completed its chilly overtures. If so they missed some first-rate melodrama, and fine acting by Constance Cummings, Robert Harris and Michael Gough.

It is difficult to blame the playwright for the slow start: he has his characters to introduce and define, a fair amount of background information to impart, and an atmosphere of awkward uneasiness to create, and all these tasks he performs with competence. The preamble is perhaps made more difficult by the appearance of one quite unnecessary character, Christopher Green, and by a diversionary interest in Susan Hubbard's projecting teeth, but Mr. Levy uses these distractions to prevent an inconveniently premature recognition of his eternal triangle—a successful and quite excusable dramatic subterfuge.

Return to Tyassi is not really the stuff of which good plays are made. The characters are too complex, the changes of heart too swift for convincing dramatic treatment. As a novel this tale would unfold gradually, the social net in which Martha Cotton was trapped would be described in detail, and Hubbard, the deserted husband, would become a splendid ghost. On the boards we have to take too much for granted. The past has to be cleaned up in a single outburst from the erring wife, and we are left to wonder why Hubbard preferred his work to his



[Yakity-Yak

McDONALD HOBLEY and four Lovely Girls

Martha and apparently made no attempt to reclaim her.

All the same this TV performance was no flop. Constance Cummings played Martha in brilliant style, and Robert Harris put immense vigour and righteous indignation into his portrayal of the disgraced, disgusted and extended hypotenuse.

As a curtain-raiser to Miss Cummings, Channel 9's programme "Yakity-Yak" is not particularly inspiring. This is the show in which "a panel of lovely girls, nursed by McDonald Hobley" try to answer tomfool questions submitted by viewers. The girls are chosen for their looks and—it is made clear—their stupidity, and the resultant level of conversation is roughly that of poodles barking for titbits.

If you don't mind giggling inanity, if you accept the failure of our educational system as inevitable, if you believe that

television should aim to please the lowest where it finds it, and if you have nothing better to do with your time and electricity, then this, the "dizzy show," is what you deserve. It is presented by Michael Pertwee and Leslie Goldberg, directed by Colin Clewes and dished up by John Irwin—all of them with their tongues in their cheeks and their snooks cocked at critics who dare to be optimistic about the future of television.

There are poor shows in plenty on both the I.T.A. and the B.B.C., but none so far has upset me quite as much as "Yakity-Yak." It is atrocious and proud of it, cretinous and cynically smug about it. It makes a virtue out of ignorance. It invites us to laugh and gloat at empty-headed twaddle.

Television often stoops very low to win a laugh or tear. It dangles riches before the eyes of its quiz competitors, spotlights the acquisitive gleam, and asks the viewer to share the joy or disillusionment of the ultimate hand-out. It makes a parade of private misfortune and suffering, heart-throb and heart-ache. It makes ordinary people look fools. It is often crude, sometimes vulgar and occasionally smutty. But until now it has never actually subsidized hebetude and drawn the line at grey matter.

Great stuff this Bach. In the Third Programme's "Composer and Interpreter" series all the Brandenburg Concertos are being played twice over (*à la* wise thrush) by the Busch Chamber Players and the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. An excellent idea. Music-lovers would welcome more experiments in the same vein.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"That's the beauty of them little sticks, you don't have to wash your hands."

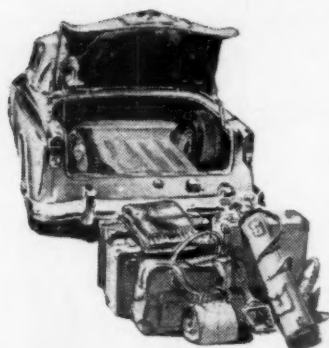
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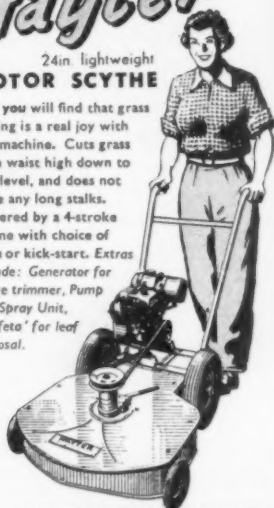
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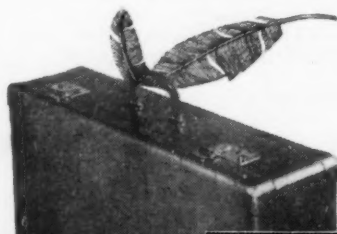
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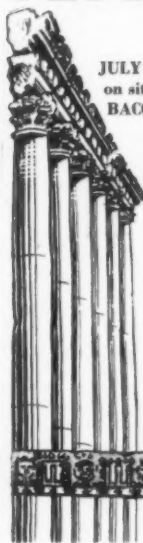
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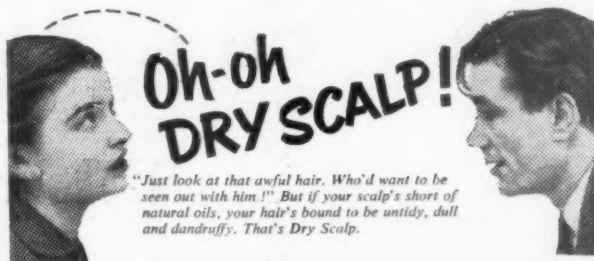
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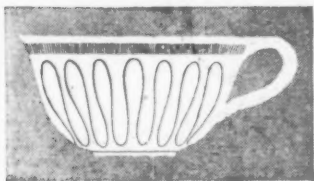
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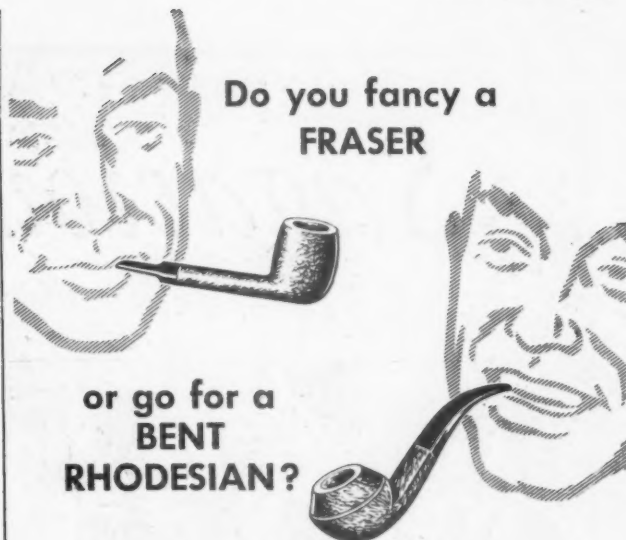
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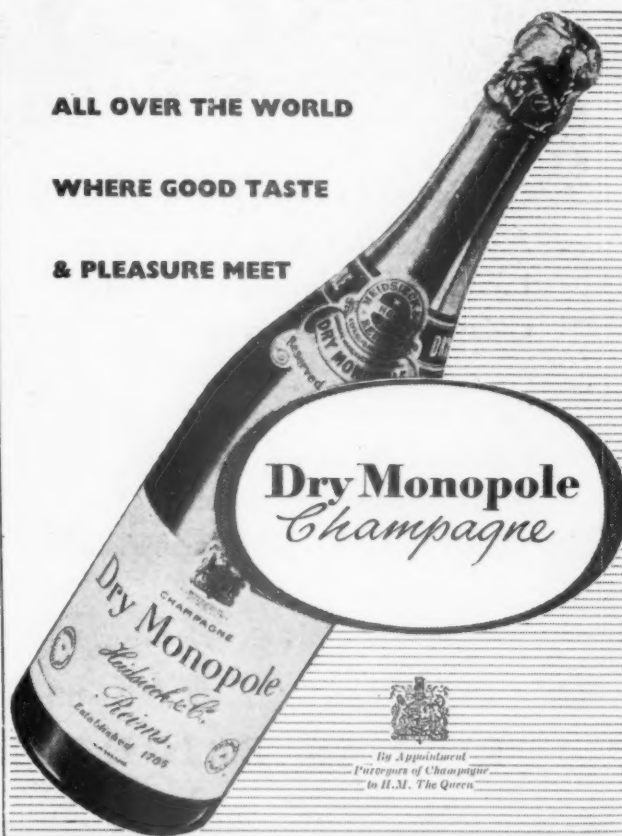
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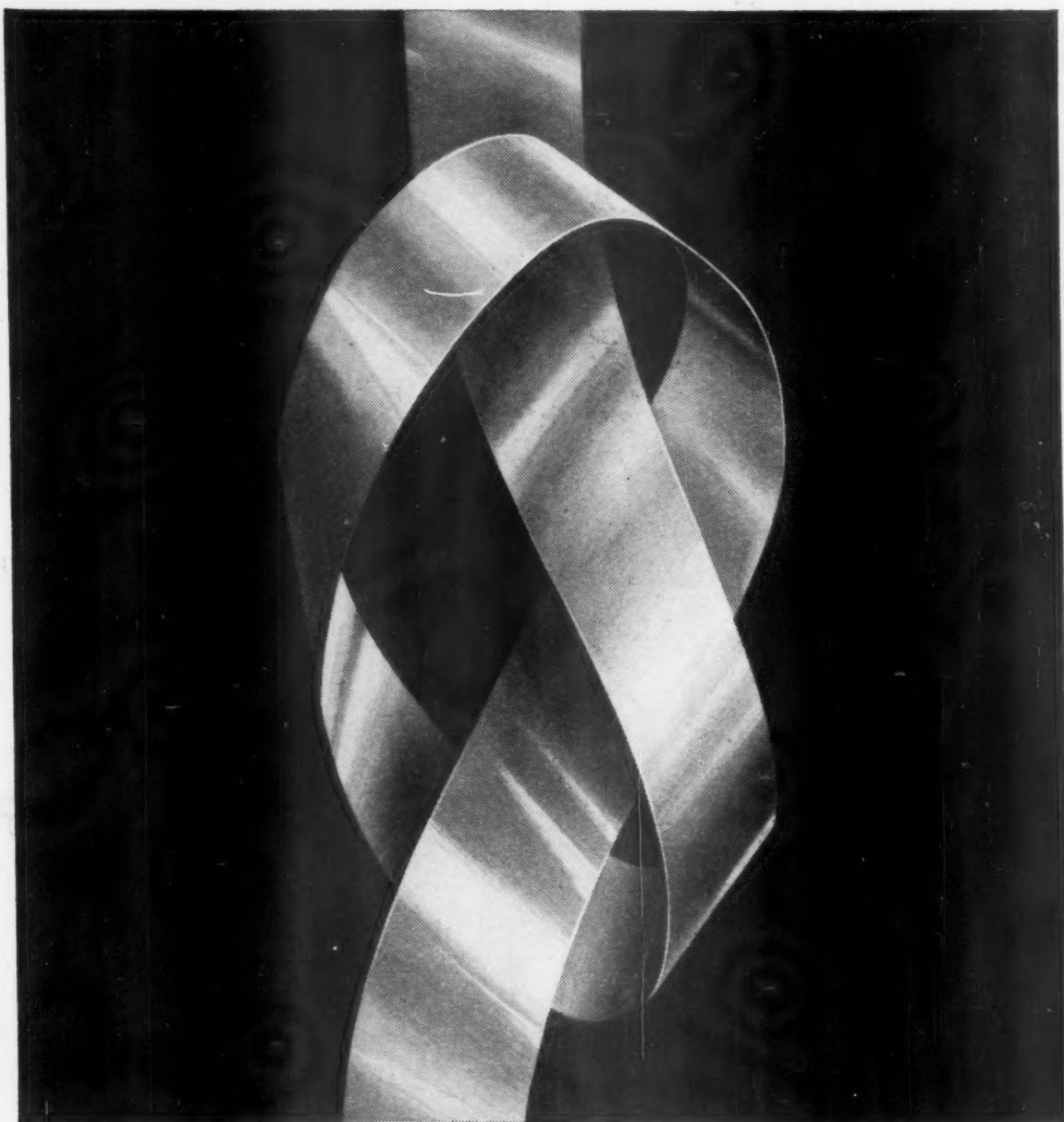
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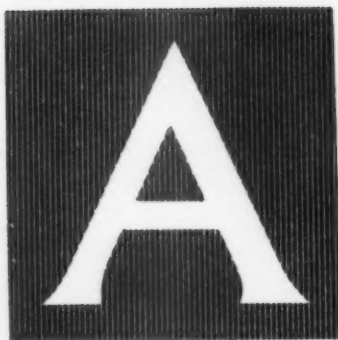
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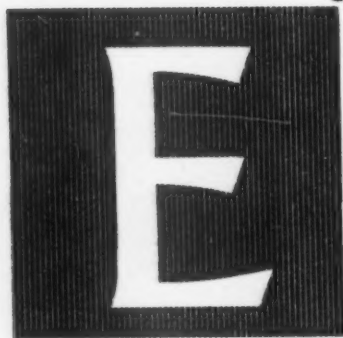
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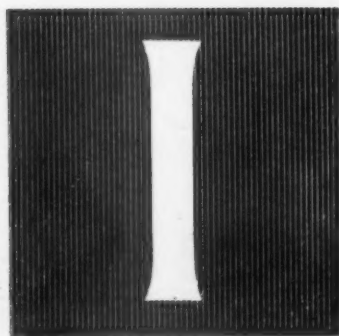
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PROCRASTINATION is the thief of tyre confidence. So why neglect to replace a worn tyre until the last moment and leave that nagging little doubt in your mind that it *might* let you down.

Replace it with a trusted friend—Dunlop—and everything will

be fine. As to dandy, why, that little extra touch of smartness—the Dunlop “White Sidewall”—is as good as a new bow tie on a bright Sunday morning. There’s a lot in it, you know—this confidence in Dunlop!



“—but look after me and I’ll serve you longer. Write for my free booklet, ‘Taking good care of your Car Tyres’, to Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept., H.P. 1, Erdington, Birmingham, 24.”

DUNLOP tyres